HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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WITH A SUPPLEMENT.
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IS THIS "THE TRUE AMERICAN POLICY"?

SIR KNIGHT (*on his knees again*). "Yes, my letter of acceptance is as gentle as a sucking dove; but when I get in, I'll screech like an AMERICAN WAR-EAGLE, and I'll twist the British lion's tail for you; I'll protect you from British dungeons after you've killed innocent women and children with dynamite. Who could do more for you?"

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A CANDIDATE BEYOND SUSPICION.

THE hearty satisfaction with which the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND has been received is a feeling quite independent of party considerations. It arises from the general conviction that the chief issue of the election is honest and efficient administration, with sole regard to the public welfare, of which Mr. CLEVELAND is a conspicuous representative. Indeed, he owes his nomination, not to long party service, but to his career as an executive officer, and to the universal respect and confidence which his character and conduct have inspired. He was elected Mayor of Buffalo when the intelligent sentiment of the city demanded a reform policy, and a man able and courageous enough to enforce it. He was the candidate of citizens who were resolved that the city government should be conducted for the general welfare, and not for the benefit of rings and traders. He was elected, and he did not disappoint this desire and anticipation. He discharged his duties without regard to party advantage or private interest, or his own political or personal profit. He held his office as a public trust, baffling jobbery of all kinds, vetoing doubtful schemes or questionable laws upon clear constitutional and indisputable grounds, and by his direct, honorable, and energetic course winning the cordial regard of his fellow-citizens. It was natural that in the decline of great party issues, and in the alarming and dangerous progress of corrupt political methods, the voters of New York, hearing of the administrator of the government of one of the chief cities of the State as a man possessing the very qualities which promised the overthrow of political venality and mercenary intrigue, should have willingly supported him for Governor of the State, or should have gladly acquiesced in his election. His vast and unprecedented majority was in no sense partisan, and although, like most active Americans, he is a party man, the circumstances of his election enabled him, with the same quiet and unostentatious energy and ability, to take, without question except from the baser elements of his own party, the course of a thoroughly intrepid and public-spirited magistrate, and to administer the government of a great State as he had directed that of a great city.

In his letter accepting the nomination for Governor he alluded to the corrupting use of money at elections, and said, in words that deserve thoughtful attention in view of the notorious tendencies of our public life:

"It is useless and foolish to shut our eyes to the fact that this evil exists among us, and the party which leads in an honest effort to return to better and purer methods will receive the confidence of our citizens, and secure their support. It is willful blindness not to see that the people care but little for party obligations when they are invoked to countenance and sustain fraudulent and corrupt practices. And it is well for our country and for the purification of politics that the people at times, fully roused to danger, remind their leaders that party methods should be something more than a means used to answer the purposes of those who profit by political occupation."

His administration has been in full accord with the spirit of these words. Frank and plain in manner, scorning political charlatanry and the arts of a demagogue, his appointments to office, his thorough study of laws submitted to him, his vetoes based upon constitutional grounds and wholly unmindful of personal or partisan views and wishes, his hearty co-operation with every measure to promote non-partisan reform in the civil service, and his wise and energetic part in the purification of the unclean and corrupt municipal government of the city of New York, have naturally attracted the attention of the country to a public officer in a most dignified and responsible position whose career shows the qualities which the political situation especially requires.

To the powerful argument for his elevation to the Presidency which is supplied by this recital of undeniable facts, an administrative experience and ability, and an absolutely unquestioned and unsuspected official integrity, which can not be claimed for his opponent, the only reply is an assertion that the Republican party is more trustworthy than the Democratic party. This, however, is an argument which must be handled carefully. If Mr. BLAINE is to be regarded as the deliberately chosen representative of the official integrity, the political methods, the relations to corporate interests, the political morality and character, the conception of official trust and responsibility, which the Republican party adopts and approves, is it so very clear that it is a more trustworthy party than one which, in the present situation of the country, selects GROVER CLEVELAND for its representative? We are Republicans, but we should wish to be very wary of such an argument as this. Or is it meant that although the candidate may be unworthy, he should be supported for the sake of the party? But where does that argument bring us? If evil influences can control the selection of a Presidential candidate, is there any doubt that they could control his administration? How is a party trustworthy if its nominations and its action are controlled by influences that can not be trusted? Nobody can know better than we that there are trusty elements in the Republican party. But when those elements lose control of the party, we do not help them to recover control by confirming the ascendency of the evil element. To support nominations which the moral judgment of the voter rejects, for the sake of the party, is to accept a moral slavery as odious as the physical bondage which the Republican party overthrew. Protesting Republicans who support Governor CLEVELAND are told that it is better to endure four years of Mr. BLAINE than to elect a Democratic President. That is to say, it is better to support a candidate who is believed to be morally unworthy in the hope that a better candidate may be named next time. But those who urge this plea must see that to support such a candidate is not only to make the resumption of a better course infinitely more difficult, but it is to bind one's self always to support for the same reason any kind of candidate who may be nominated. As Republicans, we ask Republicans who hold that a party is an agency to be used, not an idol to be worshipped, whether they succeed in deceiving themselves with such an argument.

MR. BLAINE'S LETTER.

MR. BLAINE's letter of acceptance is characteristic. He is an adroit politician of great experience, and he has carefully surveyed the field and considered the situation, with a view to the service of the letter as a campaign document, before writing it. His nomination produced a moral revolt in the Republican party by raising questions of personal honor and character. During the time since the nomination was made this revolt has been extending and strengthening, especially among the young men of the party and the country. The tone of the ratification speeches has been one of exhortation to support the party, with the vaguest and most general allusions to the candidate, accompanied by a personal affirmation on the part of the speakers that they believed him to be an honest man. The necessity of such an extraordinary affirmation is one of the most significant signs of the BLAINE canvass. Besides this opposition upon grounds of personal character, there is a distrust of the general spirit of his political career as indicative of the demagogue rather than the statesman, and a feeling that the tendencies and practices in public life which have become alarming would be stimulated and increased under the auspices of a BLAINE administration.

It was natural, therefore, to expect a letter which should divert attention from the actual issues of the canvass, and seek to remove impressions resulting from a long public career by a prolonged treatment of public questions in general, couched in so quiet and moderate a key that it should seem to be the most conservative of documents, and to promise a safe and peaceful and even humdrum administration. This was the way to play skillfully upon the apprehension of the possible consequences of change, and to appeal to the feeling that would let well enough alone. This is the actual, as it was the anticipated, letter. It is long, carefully quiet in tone, and pacifying in expression upon the points where many persons might have expected a bold and aggressive tone. Its spirit is very different from the restless air of the State Department under Mr. BLAINE, and the letter, considered in itself, is a tranquil statement of opinions upon certain public questions. But it is not a letter which deals with the paramount issue of this election, which, in the absence of great national policies as between the parties, is that of pure and honest government in conflict with the mercenary and demoralizing tendencies which have become aggressive and powerful.

Mr. BLAINE is a high-protectionist, and he argues at length the advantage of that policy. But the opposition have not raised that issue, and its declarations upon the subject are neither radical nor alarming. He desires in our foreign policy peace with honor. But while upon that point there is no pending issue, it is remembered that the friends of Mr. BLAINE, when he left the State Department, derided the policy of his successor, in contrast with his own, as tame and un-American, if not cowardly. In the Southern States Mr. BLAINE would stimulate a spirit of patriotism, which every good citizen in all parties favors. The Chinese and the Mormons receive from him little quarter, and, indeed, as Mr. HOAR said in Boston, public opinion desires little quarter for the Chinese, while the Mormon offenses find no defenders. Upon the question of reform of the civil service, Mr. BLAINE pronounces himself an early and even zealous reformer. The subject has been agitated for some years. Public men have declared themselves upon it. It has been the especial object of a certain body of citizens. But to them Mr. BLAINE is wholly unknown in the capacity of a reformer, except in a declaration favorable to terms of seven years—if we remember correctly—which showed little comprehension of the vital purpose or nature of the reform. The letter, indeed, is an ingenious avoidance. It does not touch—for it could not touch successfully—the point upon which the Republican protest rests, and its general discussions of many uncontested questions will not for a moment deceive those Republicans who accept an issue of personal character and official integrity, when once fairly raised, as necessarily superseding in a Presidential contest the question of the candidate's abstract views of certain public questions.

MR. EVARTS FOR THE DEFENSE.

IT was natural that Mr. EVARTS should be retained for the defense. But even he could not defend. He is at the head of his profession. He has great and varied experience in difficult cases. He is an eloquent orator and an adroit advocate, and he was quite sure to speak to a jury whose minds were made up. What, then, was his plea? Stripped of its excellent rhetoric, it was simply this, that if a man upon the whole prefers Republican ascendency, he must support Republican candidates, and apparently whatever he may hold their character to be. The report may have done the orator injustice, for we can not conceive a more demoralizing doctrine, nor one more unworthy to be enforced by a public leader. CATILINE was called a corrupter of youth, but what doctrine could be more disastrous than this, should it be accepted as a rule of action by young American voters? It is not improved by the assumption which has been made in this canvass that a nomination must be regarded as the end of all question of the moral fitness of candidates. When Republican argument has reached this point, may not a Republican justly ask himself whether his party is still the party of moral ideas?

Mr. EVARTS had not thoroughly prepared his case, and he was humorous at the expense of accuracy. His sneer at Governor CLEVELAND as a reformer for not removing the Commissioner of Public Works of the city was pointless, as Mr. EVARTS should have known that the Governor has not the power to remove him, and the Governor's refusal to sign the tenure of office bill was approved by the author of the bill, because the value of the bill had been lost by the amendments of Republican bosses. Mr. EVARTS did the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY the honor to quote from him some severe strictures upon the Democratic party. Not only are speeches of the editor, but the columns of the paper for many years have been full of such strictures. General support of the Republican party, with a due reservation of becoming independence and regard for principles rather than parties, may be found not only in the columns of this paper, but in the proprietary announcements published in its columns. HARPER'S WEEKLY advocated the election of Mr. LINCOLN, of General GRANT, of Mr. HAYES, of General GARFIELD. It would certainly have supported an unimpeachable Republican candidate at this election. But Mr. EVARTS's case required him to avoid answering the crucial and paramount question which the impeachable character of the candidate at once presents—whether HARPER'S WEEKLY or its editor ought to support for the Presidency an unworthy candidate because he was nominated by a Republican Convention. Whatever may be thought of the Democratic party, a more immediate and pressing issue than that of a Democratic Presidency is that of unsuspected integrity in the Presidential office. The Republican nomination has set aside the issue between the parties, and has raised that of candidates in a manner that can not be avoided, unless the voter is willing to accept the plea, that the character of can-

didates need not be considered—a plea good enough for a politician in straits, but hardly worthy of an American statesman.

The cleverness of the adroit advocate fails utterly to show that the nomination of an unfit candidate for the Presidency should foster confidence in the party which makes it, or that a trustworthy party should be sustained in the nomination of a candidate whom hosts of its honest members distrust. Probably half of the respected officers of the meeting, and possibly the orators themselves, regard the nomination, which as party men they feel bound to support, as a terrible blunder, for the very reason that it hopelessly alienates upon moral grounds the support of other party men who are not less patriotic, honorable, and earnest than they. Mr. SEWARD, a statesman whom Mr. EVARTS honors, was accustomed to rest his political arguments where it is desirable that they should always rest—upon the general character and tendency of parties. But why did he habitually avoid the discussion of candidates? For the excellent reason that he gave in the campaign of 1856, "Because it is not the habit of parties in our country to select unfit, unworthy, or unreliable men to be their representatives." When that habit is abandoned, however, the point of the discussion and the significance of the election necessarily change, and then the argument that honest patriots may vote for any candidate whatever, in order to secure a Republican President, is seen in its true light. Personal preferences every honest citizen will yield, but not moral convictions; nor will the utmost ingenuity of trained advocacy persuade one honest American to doubt that unbending principle and the courage to assert it are better than intellectual ability and accomplishment devoted to moral sophistry.

THE OTHER SIDE.

A CORRESPONDENT in Florida denies the accuracy of the statements of an Arkansas correspondent, to which we referred some weeks ago, in regard to the position of the slaves and colored people in the Southern States during the war, and he wonders whether the WEEKLY will be fair enough to publish the substance of his rejoinder. We are sorry that he should wonder, because he can not justly have found any hostile disposition upon the subject in these columns. The question is not to be decided by individual testimony alone, but by the general consent of evidence, and by "the nature of things," including human nature. Our Florida correspondent asserts that the slaves were faithful to their masters who took them to the army, that they were perfectly loyal when left at home among old men and women and children, and in camp demanded to be armed against the Union soldiers, until the Union army obtained possession of certain points. Yet the slaves knew that the war was waged for their liberation.

Our correspondent then questions whether the colored men are Republican at heart, and denounces the frauds of Northern elections, insisting that so long as the Southern States were held by military power, and "MOSES's negro militia" ruled the roast in South Carolina, and a kind of Union terrorism prevailed in the Southern States, there were no Republican complaints of unfair elections, although every honest Republican in the country knows what a parody of free government the Southern situation was. To our remark that the Democrats have made no effort to settle the race problem upon any basis but that of making the freedmen a pariah class, our correspondent replies that he and others hold the white race to be superior, and that intelligence and honesty ought to prevail over ignorance and dishonesty; and he asks why Republicans should complain of the efforts of intelligent white men in the Southern States to prevent the ascendency of an ignorant, demoralized, and lately servile class, which is in some States actually a majority, when Republicans themselves prohibit by severe penalties the entry into the country of a few thousands of a race superior to the African, simply because they will work more cheaply than native Americans. He also alleges that the denial of civil rights to the colored people is even more frequent in the Northern than in the Southern States, and that Northern judges have sustained the denials.

The weight of testimony, it seems to us, shows what would be only natural—that the slaves, while peaceful, were friendly to the Union cause, but they naturally kept quiet until actual occupation by the Union army made them less cautious. Even our Florida correspondent will admit that slavery is not a condition which inspires gratitude in the heart of the slave or antipathy to his rescuer. For the same general reason that the slaves were friendly to the cause of their own emancipation, the freedmen have been naturally friendly to the party that secured it. Our correspondent also would agree that the MOSES *régime* under a Republican name is no excuse for similar offenses under Democratic auspices, and that the "superiority" of the white race can not be pleaded in extenuation of any kind of injustice to other races. As for his retort about the Chinese exclusion, although it is true that it is commended in the Republican platform, it is none the less opposed to the views of the best Republicans. It is as Americans and men, not as Republicans and Democrats, that intelligent and patriotic men everywhere in the country should consider the question of race.

CHOLERA.

IT seems to be very improbable that we shall escape some visitation of the cholera, although the sanitary condition of the city is reported to be good, and proper precautions will be taken at quarantine. Since it scourged certain parts of the country half a century ago, the character and propagation of the disease are very much better understood, and the value of cleanliness, general care, and moral equilibrium is fully comprehended.

There is great excitement at Marseilles and Toulon. The heat is intense, and the sanitary situation doubtless invites disease. But the extent of it is not yet appalling, if the reports may be trusted. Forewarned is fore-armed. The authorities at Washington are in communication with the consuls at the ports whence the contagion may be supposed to escape toward this country, and the local boards of health are on the alert. Public expectation demands the most rigid scrutiny at quarantine, and especially of cargoes, for it is more in the cargo than the cabin that the contagion is conveyed.

Meanwhile care, moderation, temperance in everything, are safeguards which every one can provide for himself. Fortunately the summer thus far is healthy, and public attention will be more than ever directed to any apparent neglect of the active duties of the Board of Health.

PUBLIC OPINION.

REPUBLICANS will weigh carefully the argument for supporting Mr. BLAINE which is drawn from the party rather than from the candidate. Thus the Rev. Dr. GULLIVER, an old abolitionist, writes to the *Independent*, which is one of the host of religious journals that can not sustain the nomination:

"The issue of to-day is upon the question whether the national government is to be administered in the personal interest and for the pecuniary emolument of individuals. The question twenty years ago was like unto it, whether the country should be controlled in the interests of a class—the knights of slavery. But that is no longer a question. Another question, engendered by the war and its demoralizations, the question whether jobbery and thieving, falsehood and bribery—all the small trade and dicker of 'practical politics'—shall have the approval of the nation, has now taken its place. Does the Republican party stand for emancipation from these traders and money-changers, who have crowded into the places vacated by slave-holders? If it does not, why should it be allowed to live on a dead issue, like a carrion bird? Hardly can more be said as to the weight to be given to another common consideration—that drawn from personal character as distinct from political character. That a man may have a charming manner, and own the happy faculty of making every one he meets pleased with himself, with no intellectual or moral superiority to disturb any one's self-complacency, really proves nothing to the purpose concerning his fitness for office. It rather justifies the presumption that he is a man inclined to be 'true to his friends' rather than to his country."

The *Christian Union* also says what finds an echo in thousands of Republican hearts:

"The nominations at Chicago have brought genuine grief to a large and very intelligent body of voters inside the Republican party. They were never more ardently attached to Republican principles than they are to-day, and they stand aloof from their old-time fellowships, in the crisis of a Presidential election, with unfeigned regret. But they can not do otherwise. Again and again in the last eight years they have declared their unalterable determination not to support Mr. BLAINE for the Presidency. Their opposition is not captious; they have come to distrust Mr. BLAINE with reluctance, and have yielded to doubt only because they could not shut it out; they have never endeavored to impose any candidate of their own upon the party. It is through no fault of theirs that they now stand silent in a campaign to which they had looked forward as opening another and nobler chapter in the history of the nation."

The Boston *Herald*, taking up the same refrain, asks:

"And what is a party except a means to an end? If Republicanism does not mean a reformed civil service, reduced taxes, honest money, economy in the government, purified politics, and a restoration of statesmanship in the conduct of public affairs, what interest in the Republican party have conscientious voters who believe in these things? And who will say that BLAINE and LOGAN stand for any of them?"

These seem to be quite as pertinent and impressive arguments as the doughnuts contributed by the old pastors of Mr. BLAINE. We do not recall this particular argument, that of clerical certificates, in previous campaigns. Is it felt that a candidate who is morally assailed by his own letters and words requires this especial kind of "backing"? Or is it supposed that if a man goes to church in an edifying manner, it is conclusive evidence that his official conduct has been above suspicion or reproach? Clergymen and quiet people who take little active part in politics must smile at this transparent device, and possibly the word humbug may be murmured in their meditative walks.

THE LORDS AND THE COMMONS.

THE political situation in England is interesting because of the threatening difference between the Ministry and the House of Lords. The Franchise Bill introduced by Mr. GLADSTONE is held by the peers to imperil their political power in the counties, and Lord SALISBURY, who is never so happy as when fighting, has apparently persuaded the Lords not to listen to any proposition until the Ministry submits its plan for the redistribution of Parliamentary seats.

This course naturally arouses the growing feeling that the House of Lords is a mere obstructive body, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* says, plainly, "If the compromise on the Franchise Bill is rejected, the Liberals will not sheathe the sword until they exterminate a power which is incompatible with the government of modern England." Such language is unmistakable, and it shows the intensity of public feeling. JOHN BRIGHT, an old opponent of the House of Lords, has expressed his purpose to take part in the controversy if it should arise.

A class of hereditary legislators in a country so politically enlightened and so "modern" as England is of course an anomaly. Like the absolute royal veto, it could be tolerated only when absolutely passive. If the crown should attempt to defeat the lawful will of the Commons, the country would not submit, and the same feeling would undoubtedly prohibit any actual interference with the will of the Commons by the House of Lords. The responsible government of the country is a committee of the House of Commons, which is elected by the people, and the people would not suffer a hereditary and irresponsible body of peers to baffle its policy. The Lords, however, have always yielded, and there is probably little doubt that they will yield again.

PERSONAL.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury notices the great annual increase of bishops. He himself has consecrated bishops for four new sees during the past twelve months, and he fears that if this goes on at the present rate, Egyptian Hall will soon scarcely be able to hold the Council of Bishops. The Bishop of Ohio says that 132 American prelates have been consecrated in this country in the last hundred years. The Archbishop adds that he will not pause to say how hard bishops work. People who are not already convinced of it will not be convinced by being told.

—The late General TODLEBEN, the famous Russian soldier, was the son of a tradesman. When the Allies invaded the Crimea he was intrusted with the defense of Sevastopol, and kept their powerful armies and fleets at bay from October, 1854, to September, 1855. Of this magnificent defense Prince GORTSCHAKOFF said, "It is a fact unexampled in military annals that a town hastily fortified in the presence of an enemy should have been able to hold out so long against a force the means of attack of which have exceeded everything that hitherto could have been foreseen." The General invested Plevna with great brilliancy of plan, and it was under his command that in April, 1878, the advance upon Constantinople was made. He became a Count soon afterward, and lived in retirement in failing health. He died on the 1st of July, at Wiesbaden, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

—The Attorney-General of Great Britain reminds the House of Lords that though not subject to popular election, its members are trustees for the people, and therefore ought to pay due regard to the just and reasonable demands of the people. A decided and irresistible popular demand exists for equal electoral rights in counties and boroughs. Professor THOROLD ROGERS, M.P., says that the only privilege the peers have on the statute-book is the right of being tried for murder by their own class. Only one of them had been hanged for murder during the last two centuries; but if he were to tell his hearers how many deserved to be hanged, he should keep them listening until the following morning. Half of them were absorbed in profligacy. He wanted to know how long the English nation would consent to be at their mercy and caprice.

—SARAH BERNHARDT has been playing Lady Macbeth in London. She represents that personage (says one of her critics) as never dignified, never noble. When she is pouring into Macbeth's ear the thought of Duncan's murder, she wraps him in a clinging embrace, as if she would play upon his senses rather than upon his reason. She wheedles but never masters him. Even the costume she wears seems designed to dwarf her own importance, dramatically speaking; for instead of the queenly robes affected by English actresses, we find her clad in a tight-fitting Jersey embroidered with *fleurs-de-lis*, with a singularly ungraceful skirt attached. In the sleep-walking scene she comes in with naked feet and a clinging night dress. This aroused an extraordinary degree of enthusiasm in Paris, but the English public view the spectacle unmoved.

—President ARTHUR to the Pan-Presbyterian Council at Belfast: "Coming from kindred ancestry, the kind greetings of the Scotch-Irish are especially pleasing to me, and very cordially reciprocated."

—A European who has travelled on foot four thousand miles down the African coast declares that in manliness and shrewdness, in intelligence and honesty, and in the essentials of government, the black man is quite as good as the white. Boil down your idea of civilization as much as you please, and unless you make it consist of the mere use of pocket-handkerchiefs, you will find that these so-called savages are as civilized as any Europeans. They are traders, and keen traders too. They have their own religion, their own laws, and their own patriarchal methods of life. All the best of them are Mohammedans. They administer justice in their own way, and show more hospitality to the stranger than does the ordinary foreigner. They have no penny newspapers, but they have what still serves the Spaniard and the Portuguese as a very effective substitute in the shape of their barber shops, which are the accepted news centres of the neighborhood. Every one goes to the barber shops to learn the news.

—The School of Medicine for Women, in London, was opened in 1874, with six pupils. There are now thirty-seven women on the medical register. They are more successful in the cities than in the country, first, because in the cities there is more work for specialists in women's and children's diseases; and secondly, because the need for physical strength in riding round in the middle of the night is less. The demand by women for women doctors is becoming greater.

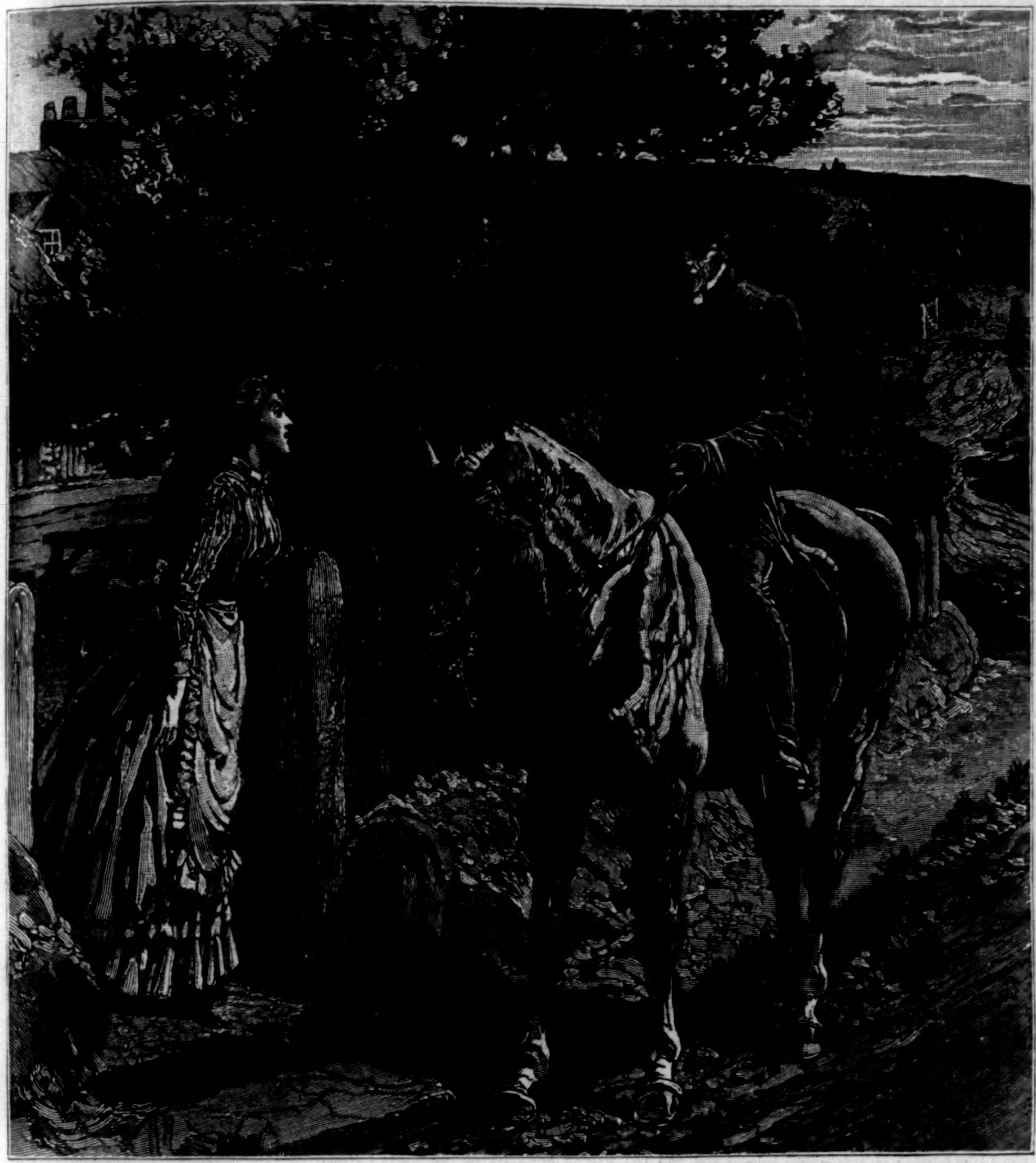
—The sermons of the late Bishop SIMPSON, edited by the Rev. GEORGE R. CROOKS, D.D., will be published by HARPER & BROTHERS. Bishop SIMPSON was an earnest, cogent, and lucid preacher. "His sermons," says an eminent authority, "were simple and clear in style, and of cumulative quality, ascending from a few general propositions by a method, peculiar to himself, of combined logical firmness and rhetorical finish, until the climax was reached."

—A party of New-Yorkers were visiting Niagara Falls last week, and on Sunday morning left their hotel for a stroll. The usual importunate gang of hackmen attacked them with offers of service. "My friends," gravely replied one of the excursionists, an athletic young man, "would you have us break the Sabbath?" The gang seemed paralyzed, and the athletic youth walked on with his companions, bearing the proud consciousness of being the first excursionist who ever silenced a Niagara Falls hackman.

—Mr. W. S. KIMBALL's house in Rochester, an excellent example of a free colonial style, has two interior features of note: First, the sense of distance and mystery produced by the combined effect of a screen across the main hall, a row of organ pipes on the first landing of the staircase, and another screen of open-work and glass above the organ itself: the hall looks more than twice its real depth. Secondly, the use of stained glass floral ornaments in a window of the conservatory. Standing in the parlor, and looking across the conservatory at this window, the visitor seems to be introduced to a collection of blooming flowers that includes preternatural varieties of extraordinary brilliancy.

—Bishop HUGH MILLER THOMPSON's testimony to the healthfulness of Mississippi, especially for persons whose throat or lungs trouble them, and his assertion that malaria is more to be feared from a week's residence on the Hudson River than from a lifetime in Mississippi, do credit to his candor and his intelligence.

THE SUMMER EXODUS FROM NEW YORK—THE ALBANY NIGHT BOAT.—DRAWN BY TAYLOR AND MEEKER.—[SEE PAGE 479.]



"'IT'S A TREAT, DOLLIE, TO HAVE YOU BACK AGAIN,' SAID GREYSON, AS HE REINED HIS COB UP AT THE GATE."

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

BY HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," "AT FAULT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

CRANLEY CHASE.

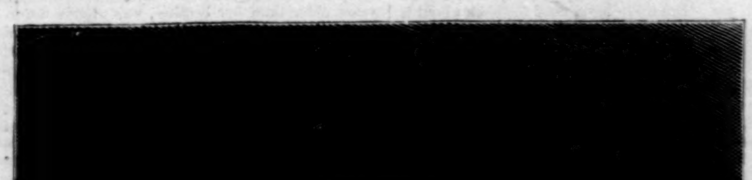
THERE were few more picturesque old mansions in the valley of the Ouse than Cranley Chase, the seat of the Rockinghams. They had not come in with the Conquest, or acquired their lands in the spoliation of the monasteries under Henry VIII.; their presence in Yorkshire was of later date, and somewhat more prosaic in its cause. The first of the family that had appeared at Cranley was one of Marlborough's favorite lieutenants, who had received his humble share of the honors and wealth that accrued to his great commander. The founder of the Churchills, it is true, was not wont to let money trickle through his fingers for the benefit of his subordinates; but Colonel Rockingham thought he could not better show his admiration for his great chief than by closely imitating him. Like his principal, he was reckless in battle and ruthless in plunder. But his great stroke of good fortune was when, thanks to his handsome person and the influence of his patron, he succeeded in winning the hand of pretty Mistress Hazelby, the great Yorkshire heiress. She brought to Colonel Rockingham Cranley Chase and many fat acres in the valley of the Ouse, and when, the wars over, the Colonel settled comfortably down as a Yorkshire squire, he was soon intimate with all the gentlemen of the country-side.

The Chase, which stands about five miles from York, a little to the right of the Great North Road, is an old Elizabethan red brick house, a perfect incongruous mass of wings and gables: a fairly big house apparently to start with, to which each succeeding Rockingham felt it incumbent on himself to add a wing. It stood in a fine old park of some two-fifty or three hundred acres, studded with old oak and elm. That the greater part was as draughty and uncomfortable as all such fine old family seats invariably are need scarcely be mentioned; but the modernized wing, chiefly inhabited by the family when they were alone, was exceedingly comfortable. When Alister Rockingham entertained right royally, as he was wont to do for the York races, the York balls, and such like occasions of festivity, then the old house was full from garret to cellar, and the latter, despite the fierce inroads made on it at such times, held bravely out. Cranley claret was proverbial, and Cranley port and Madeira pronounced by no means bad to take. On such occasions the big drawing-room and dining-room were thrown open, and, in taking his party up to the Knavesmire, Alister Rockingham was wont to be as regal as that traditional nabob who exclaimed, "Bring some more carriages."

Still, before the Phaeton Leger it had been for some little time rumored that Alister Rockingham was in trouble; but the Squire kept a stiff upper lip, and abated not an iota of his ac-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1439.

W. H. DAILY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY JONES & LOTZ.—[SEE PAGE 479.]



DOMINICK J. RYDER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY MRS. J. B. LEWIS.—[SEE PAGE 479.]

customed hospitality, and people doubted whether there was any truth in these reports. It is possible to go on for some time after you are ruined if you conceal all symptoms of the catastrophe; and for a man who has indubitably possessed property, and who is vaguely rumored to have lost it, to be pronounced insolvent shows much indiscretion on his part.

Poor Alister Rockingham! there was something more than pecuniary troubles the matter with him. He had "lived his life," as it is called, ay, every inch of it. Had flung the dice at "The Rooms" in Doncaster boldly, as he had backed favorites on the town moor. He had lived a fast pace in London in the season; had buttoned up his kid gloves tightly as he called for a fresh lot of blue counters, and went into the Cocoa Tree on a Saturday night to try that last desperate expedient of a *beau joueur*, the redeeming a bad week at Epsom or Newmarket by the throwing in half a dozen mains running. He might have said with perfect truth:

"I have lived my life, I am nearly done,
I have played the game all round,
But I freely admit that the best of my fun
I owe it to horse and hound."

It was not only, poor fellow, that his fortune was nearly spent, but Alister Rockingham felt that his life also was nearly spent. There are signs at certain periods of a man's existence when he feels intuitively that the clock is running rapidly down. There may be nothing radically the matter, but he realizes the fact that the hour-glass will admit of little more turning; and it was with a heavy heart that he drove home to Cranley Chase at the end of the week destined to be known in Doncaster annals henceforth as Phaeton's Leger. It was a bitter feeling to the man as he swept up through the fine old park, and his eye ranged over the wide undulating grass land and gnarled old oaks, to know that it was all gone, and that when his will came to be read his son would find himself a beggar. But broad acres however numerous, or broad pieces however many, are speedily got through when a man takes to gambling in earnest. Alister Rockingham had no very great right to complain; he had had a very fair innings, had some big strokes of luck certainly in the earlier part of his career; and though things had gone against him latterly, it had taken him twenty years to get through his inheritance. It was done now, and the Squire of Cranley Chase recognized that Phaeton's Leger had finally ruined him.

He had an awkward task before him, and he knew it. Wild he had been, gambler he had been, but no other woman had ever compared in his eyes to his wife Beatrice, and to a great extent she shared his confidence. She knew they were in difficulties; she knew things had been going badly with him of late, but she did not know how desperate his affairs were.

She had done her best to dissuade him from going to Doncaster, knowing how costly such holidays had been of late, and he was painfully aware there would be much anxious questioning as to how he had fared in the fray. As he expected, Mrs. Rockingham met the Squire the minute he entered the hall. She knew the face too well not to understand that he brought no good news home.

"I am afraid, Alister, that it has been, as it always seems to be of late, an unfortunate time with you. But there is no need to speak about it now. You look fagged, and it will be quite time to tell me all about it, if you choose, after dinner, dear."

She was a gentle-hearted, clever woman, and knew well that the male creature was wont to make confession of his difficulties in his post-prandial moments. Dinner over, the Squire having finished a bottle of champagne, began to take a somewhat brighter view of his Doncaster reverses. He even half-persuaded himself that things were by no means so bad as he had at first thought them.

"Yes, Beatrice," he said, "it has been an awkward week. Who could think that old villain William Greyson rejoiced in the possession of two horses, either of them good enough to win the Leger? I knew nothing about Phaeton, and backed Caterham, of course, as all the world did. I went from bad to worse all Thursday, and a plunge to get home on the Cup didn't mend matters."

"It's unlucky, Alister, because I know money is scarce with us just now, and I hear that you have sent for Pearson, which is always an ominous sign. Still," she continued, with a faint smile, "it is no use crying over spilt milk, as I have heard you say so often; but, Alister dear, if you could refrain from racing in future I think you would be a great deal happier, and at all events you would please me so very much."

"Well, Trixie, I think," rejoined Alister Rockingham, with a rather grim smile, "I may safely promise you that for the future you need have little fear of my giving up racing—it has given me up. As Rochefoucauld says, 'When our vices have left us, we flatter ourselves that *we* have left them.'"

At this moment the door opened, and in burst Gerald Rockingham, his bright, dark, handsome face glowing with high spirits. I don't know whether I have quite described Gerald. He took after his mother, who was one of those *petite* brunettes that tall fair-haired men of the Saxon stamp so delight in marrying. When Swedenborg wrote volumes to prove his Doctrine of the Affinities, he might have condensed the whole thing into the one short sentence—that men and women are very apt to fall in love with their antithesis. Gerald was small and slight in stature, but for all that the boy had inherited all the hereditary pluck of his family, whether on battle-field or at card-table. He understood, to speak metaphorically, "how to die and make no sign." He was all wire and whip-cord, and would have no more thought of flinching from the biggest fence of the York and Ainstey country than he would from standing up to a man of double his size who had insulted him. There had never been a Rockingham who couldn't both ride and shoot straight, and Gerald certainly promised to prove no exception to the traditions of his race.

"Oh, mother, darling!" exclaimed the boy, as he threw his arms round her neck, "I begin to think there's nothing like racing. I don't know when I have had such a jolly time as I have had this week. I've won twenty-eight pounds, which wasn't so bad, you know, for a young one. It's the most glorious sport in the world—and isn't Bill Greyson clever? Think of his having those two horses in the race, and selling the public all round by winning with the one they didn't believe in!"

A shiver ran over Mrs. Rockingham's face as she thought how her son was already developing a passion for a sport which had so sorely imbittered her own life, while I am afraid Alister Rockingham with difficulty gulped down the execration that rose to his lips at this encomium on Bill Greyson's cleverness.

"How was it you didn't come home with me, Gerald?" he inquired. "I looked for you at the station, but saw nothing of you."

"No, father; I left a little before you. I'm not a swell, like you, who waits for the Monday to gather his winnings—I got mine at once, and I wanted to stop in York to buy something for Dollie Greyson. She is such a jolly girl, you know, and as it is her father to whom I'm virtually indebted for the money, I thought it was the proper thing to do. She is staying with her uncle in Coney Street."

"Ah! it's not so long ago," said Alister Rockingham, musingly, "since that distinguished patron of the turf who notoriously never bets wagered the famous sixpence with his trainer's wife against his horse winning the Leger. He paid it set in a magnificent pearl and diamond bracelet, which always remained one of her proudest possessions. I'm curious to know what you gave *your* trainer's daughter?"

"Why, I gave her a ring, father, which took about half my money to buy; but then, you know, she's far away the prettiest girl in these parts, and rides as well as I do. Why, you've seen her out hunting yourself."

"Yes," replied his father, "I know Miss Greyson by sight. A pretty little thing, and, as you say, she can ride. But, Gerald, remember, I want no nonsense either one way or the other between you and old Bill Greyson's daughter."

"You can trust me, father," replied Gerald, proudly. "If you knew Dollie, you would know she would not even come here as my wife without your consent and mother's."

As Gerald continued to tell his mother the story of his week's doings, as was his habit, the Squire fell into a sombre reverie. His son's triumph recalled to him those days of his youth when fortune smiled on him whether he gambled for love or for money, and he winces sadly when he thinks what is to be Gerald's fate, who he feels will have shortly to confront the world, not as he himself began it, but with a mere trifle of money at his back.

At this moment the door opened, and Miss Rockingham (the Squire's only daughter) quietly entered the room. It was somewhat curious, but Ellen Rockingham, who was some two or three years older than her brother, was utterly different to the rest of the family in all her tastes and pursuits. Dark in complexion, like her brother, and considerably taller, she regarded such things as hunting, shooting, and racing with disdain. She had already made up her mind that life was a thing to be treated in earnest, and was that somewhat unpleasant type—a young lady with a mission. She was convinced that the rich did not half do their duty by their poorer brethren. She meant well, poor young woman, but contrived to make life very bitter to some of the necessitous peasantry round Cranley. It is bad enough to have a difficulty about earning your bread, and comes terribly hard to a good many people in this world, but it is still harder to be told that the absence of the quartern loaf is owing to your own want of energy and thrift. Miss Rockingham was wont to be more lavish of rebuke than largess, and the impecunious cottagers under the Cranley sceptre infinitely preferred the sight of the Squire's wife to that of the Squire's daughter.

"Sorry, Ellen, that you weren't here to welcome me at dinner."

"You know, father, it was school night, and that is a duty I am very loath to neglect."

A parlous evening did some of these young rustics pass at times with Miss Rockingham. She had all the pluck and pride of her race, and was a rigid disciplinarian.

The Squire, to tell the truth, stood just a little in awe of his daughter. He was puzzled at times to understand how any daughter of his could have taken up these peculiar views. He would have about as soon thought of confiding his troubles or confessing his peccadilloes to the clergyman of his parish as to Ellen. His son was too young, and if he only half whispered his troubles to his wife, it was simply because he could not bear to pain her.

"I don't want to interfere with your views of right or wrong, Ellen," he rejoined, a little sharply, "but I think most girls, when their father had been away from home for ten days, would have been there to welcome him home, and not allowed such rubbish as a 'night school' to interfere with their doing so."

"I am sorry—very sorry," rejoined the girl, as she came over and kissed him. "I would not have been out of the way for one moment if I had supposed you would have felt in that way about it. I try hard to do what I consider right. I have read and thought a good deal for myself, and I know I don't hold quite the same views as you and dear mother, but you surely know that I am in no way wanting in love for either of you. If I have done wrong, forgive me."

"Pooh! Nonsense, girl!" rejoined the Squire, completely melted, as he kissed his daughter affectionately. "Don't say another word about it, but go and get your dinner at once."

"Thanks, father, but I don't want any. I had some dinner at the Rectory."

"Dinner at the Rectory! Child, absurd! They never dine there—they only eat. Go and do as I tell you."

CHAPTER IV.

DOLLIE AT HOME.

What they call a "moor" down in the "West Countree" means a large expanse of open ground, plentifully sprinkled with gorse and heather; what they call a moor in Scotland means pretty much the same thing, with rather less gorse and a good deal more heather; but in Yorkshire they have moors and moors—the one corresponding to those of Scotland, the other more closely resembling the downs of the southern counties. Riddleton Moor was one of the latter description, and over its springy turf many a famous race-horse had been prepared for his engagement.

Standing on its edge was a many-gabled, comfortable-looking farm-house, roomy undoubtedly, neither tiled nor slated, but thatched in the old-fashioned way, but all kept as neat and trimly as it could possibly be. Some hardy creepers were trained about the walls, and interlaced themselves over the old-fashioned porch. A square garden lay in front of the place, the conspicuous feature of which was a large and old-fashioned grass-plat, with a fine old oak-tree in the centre. Wondrous handicap *coups* and manifold racing schemes had been talked over beneath the branches of that old oak. William Greyson was accounted clever of fence in all matters of turf policy, but he had of late years achieved the distinction of being rather too astute in the management of horses. Like many a better man, he was suffering in a great measure for the sins of others. His principal employers were men whose only canon on the race-course was "make money," and who would have quite pooh-poohed the old rider of "honestly, if you can." Greyson had, of course, to carry out the instructions of his employers, and their views were simply that their horses should win or lose as best suited their betting-books. It is only in puritanical human nature that the employed refuse to comply with the instructions of their employers. Greyson was no particular saint; he dropped quietly into the groove assigned to him, and thought he might just as well make money as Cuthbert Ellison and Sam Pearson, and the consequence was that the stable's reputation was now of the shadiest.

A little past eight on a bright October morning, and Dollie, looking as fresh as a rose, emerges from the porch, walks to the garden gate, and glances up the road leading to the moor, to see if there are any signs of her father. She hadn't long to wait before the slight, wiry frame of the trainer, astride of his pet cob, was seen making his way leisurely home.

"It's a treat, Dollie, to have you back again, and find you waiting breakfast for me," said Greyson, as he reined his cob up at the gate for a moment. "Run in, child, and brew the tea, for I'm as hungry as a hunter. I shall be in as soon as ever I've taken Blucher round to the stable."

"All right, father," replied the girl; "breakfast will be all ready for you in ten minutes. I hope the work went on all satisfactorily?"

"Satisfactory!" said Mr. Greyson, rather bitterly; "I think the Dancing Master will about break my heart. Here have I got the best horse in England, and I can't get a boy to sit on him. But I'll tell you all about it when I come in, child."

A real Yorkshire breakfast is a thing to sit down to for those rejoicing in a healthy appetite, and the table at Riddleton Grange was very amply furnished. Dollie presided there in her mother's absence, for Mrs. Greyson was somewhat of an invalid, and rarely, when Dollie was at home to make the tea for her, came down-stairs until the last possible moment. A few minutes, and William Greyson enters the room. A keen, shrewd face, clear gray eyes; the look of a man, indeed, that a shrewd judge of physiognomy would hold you are not likely to get the better of; and, unless report belied him, there were not many who had ever had the best of William Greyson. He walked up to the top of the table, kissed his daughter, and smoothed her bright golden tresses; for if there was one thing the trainer prized in this world it was his daughter.

"And so, father, the Dancing Master has been tiresome this morning. Why, that iron-gray colt is the handsomest you've got in training, or have had for a long while. You'll have to let me try my hand at him after all."

"God forbid, child! He got Joe Butters down this morning; and you know I don't much like putting Joe up, on account of his weight, except in dire extremity; he's rather too heavy."

"Yes," replied Dollie, laughing; "you see he has such an excellent appetite."

"Excellent appetite!" replied her father, querulously, as he proceeded to make short work of a dish of fried ham and eggs. "Ain't I always telling them that nothing about a racing stable has a right to have an appetite but the horses? As for the bipeds, they can't be too strict in their abstinence. Joe Butters is the victim of gluttony. Who can say what position he might have taken in his profession if he could have put any restraint on himself? But, with his passion for corned beef and old ale, no wonder he outgrew his opportunities."

"But, father, you know Joe's a real good boy."

"Of course he is," replied the trainer; "but just think how much better he'd have been if he had been a couple of stone lighter." And as he spoke the trainer proceeded to help himself to some game pie.

"And you really believe in the Dancing Master, father?"

"Undoubtedly I do, as much as it is possible to believe in a colt with such a fiendish temper. But you know what they are, Dollie; there's no doing anything with women or horses when they exhibit uncontrollable temper."

"Libel, father—rank libel. When women and horses prove uncontrollable, it is in nineteen cases out of twenty the result of ill treatment. Take them properly, and you can make them do anything. I'd wager my best frock to a new hat that the Dancing Master and I get on together."

"Nonsense, child," replied Greyson, sharply. "I've put you up on some awkward ones before now. And you *can* ride," he continued, proudly; "but I'm not going to risk your life on the back of the Dancing Master."

"Never mind, father dear. I'm not preferring any request. We don't show to much advantage when we are kicked off; and, in spite of my braggadocio, I should probably share the fate of the others.—Ah! good-morning, mother. We put the tea down by the fire to keep warm for you; and now what shall I get you for breakfast?"

Mrs. Greyson, in sooth, was somewhat of a trial to her husband. It was not altogether her fault; but continuous ill health is wont to sour ordinary tempers, and Mrs. Greyson was apt to be a little waspish in her remarks about things generally. She could not get about to see after things herself as she had done in days of yore, and had she been allowed her way, would have kept Dollie at home as her vice-agent. But William Greyson was much too proud of his daughter to stand this sort of thing, and insisted that she should go into York, and have the best "training" money could buy her. No man who is not a thorough autocrat is of much use at the head of a racing stable, and William Greyson was not only that, but thoroughly master in his own house as well, and his wife was quite aware of the fact that when he really had made up his mind there was no disputing it.

"The butter's not quite what it ought to be," said Mrs. Greyson, querulously. "Now you *are* at home, and not taking lessons on the piano, or flirting about your uncle's shop, you might keep an eye on the dairy."

"I don't think there's much fault to find," replied Dollie, cheerfully. "Jeanie knows her work well, and requires little supervision."

"Don't you fret yourself, wife," said William Greyson. "You can't get about now to see after things, of course; but you taught them all their work in the days when you could so thoroughly that the domestic machine runs pretty smooth now."

"Very good of you to say so, William; but I can see plenty of short-comings, though I *can't* get about to see after them nowadays."

Mrs. Greyson was a little hard on her husband, and even her friends, in this respect. She undoubtedly suffered from ill health, and, after the manner of many invalids, she persistently dangled this fact before their eyes as if it were a virtue.

Under the tree in the front of the house, in the mean time, might have been observed in conversation the offending Jeanie and Joe Butters, the head lad of Greyson's stables, a short, sturdily built man of seven or eight and twenty.

"Jeanie, my dear," he observed, "you look uncommon nice, you do, this morning. You're as plump as a partridge, and that's a real virtue in your sex, while for us men, especially when we have to do with racing, it becomes quite criminal."

"Well, Mr. Butters, you know you're not near as stout as you were. It's very odd that we should take such different views of things. You say that you don't like a girl to be too thin, but mercy on us, *I* live in perpetual fright of losing my waist. But you look tired. Suppose you come into the dairy, and I'll give you a glass of fresh milk."

"There, now, that's just where it is. If there's one thing I should like, it would be a draught of fresh milk, and to ascertain exactly how far it is round that waist of yours; but, bless you, milk means blubber, and when you give up your mind to horses, you can't afford that sort of thing. Tired, indeed! I should rather think I was. That gray brute has put me down once, run away with me twice, and blessed near pulled my arms out this morning. A nice article to keep on the premises, he is! I wish he'd kill somebody at once, and have done with it."

"Oh, lor, Mr. Butters! Don't talk in that way. Why, you know it would be more likely to be you than anybody else. Of course they hand him over to you because, as we all know, you're the best rider in the stables."

"Well, my dear," said Butters, in the most patronizing way, "I know I'm not so dusty; and if it wasn't for my disgusting weight I'd pretty soon let 'em see at Newmarket what I can do; but that Dancing Master—oh, Lord! Come in, Jeanie, and get me a mug of ale."

Joe Butters, having given up his weight as a problem utterly beyond his own control, confined himself now simply to severe abstinence from such saccharine matter as he had no particular craving for. Milk in the morning was a thing that Mr. Butters admired from a very abstract point of view; he took much credit to himself for his abstention in such little things, but before he strolled off to his own quarters I'm afraid there were two or three little matters that he had solved thoroughly to his own mind, namely, that the Riddleton Grange ale had not deteriorated, and that it was quite possible to get his arm comfortably round Jeanie's waist.

"Dollie!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Greyson, "may I ask how you came by such a ring as that?"

"Certainly," replied the girl, as she drew it

from her finger and handed it across to her mother. "Mr. Gerald Rockingham gave it me *directly*, and you, father, gave it me *indirectly*. He bought it for me out of the money he won over Phaeton's Leger."

Bill Greyson couldn't refrain from a slight start at his daughter's speech. No one knew better than he what had happened to the Squire of Cranley Chase over that race.

"He was so pleased, father—exulted so much in his winnings, that he insisted upon giving it me as a memento of landing his first stake."

"A more costly stake, perhaps, never was won," muttered Greyson to himself. "He's a chip of the old block, Dollie, and has begun early, like his father before him; but I think it would have been better for the Squire if he'd never set foot on a race-course. There's wildish blood in all these Rockinghams, and that sort as a rule don't make good gamblers."

"You don't mean, father, that Mr. Rockingham lost a great deal of money at Doncaster, do you?"

"Yes, my girl, that's about what it comes to. It was hard, but it's not altogether my fault. As a thorough sportsman and belonging to the county, I tried all I could to make them give him a hint; however, they wouldn't do so, and as it chanced, I never had an opportunity myself."

"That, then, I suppose, will come very hard on Gerald?" rejoined Dollie, opening her large gray eyes to their fullest extent.

"Yes; that and a few similar scrapes that the Squire has got into," replied her father, dryly.

"I am very, very sorry," replied the girl, gravely. "It almost makes me dislike my ring. I feel quite grieved Gerald should have spent so much of his money on it."

"You needn't distress yourself much on that account," replied her father. "That amount will make very little difference to what I'm afraid last Doncaster cost the Squire." And with this observation the trainer strolled out of the room.

"What age is young Mr. Rockingham?" inquired Mrs. Greyson.

"Just a few months older than myself," said Dollie; "he's going to the University;" and then she quietly followed her father's example, and left the room. She had no fancy for talking about Gerald Rockingham to her mother.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SUMMER EXODUS.

On page 476 we give several illustrations of a summer evening trip up the Hudson, the truth of which will be recognized by any one who has taken the night steamboat for Albany. Nothing can exceed the natural beauty of the Hudson, whatever it may lack of the romance of the Rhine and the Danube. No ruined castles crown its lovely banks, with their traditions of feudal life; but the cities, hamlets, villas, and farm-houses that are reflected in its clear waters tell the story of prosperous and happy homes, which, after all, is better than the story of the robber chieftains who built the picturesque castles of the Old World.

TWO HEROIC MEN.

On page 477 may be seen the portraits of two men who are neither candidates for political honors nor members of champion base-ball nines, but who simply make a business of life-saving by the rescue of human beings from drowning. So successful have they been in this business that the fame of their heroic deeds has reached Washington, and there received the prompt recognition that it so well deserves. This recognition has recently come to both of these men, one on the Atlantic and one on the Pacific coast, in the shape of the great gold medal coined at the Philadelphia Mint in accordance with an act of Congress passed June 20, 1874, and bearing the inscription, "In testimonial of heroic deeds in saving life from the perils of the sea."

The elder of them, he of the Pacific coast, is William H. Daily, an athlete, swimming teacher, and life-saver, of San Francisco. He is about forty-five years of age, and a native of Boston, Massachusetts, but has lived in California since 1859. Until 1872 he devoted himself to general athletic sports, particularly rowing, but in that year he turned his attention to swimming and life-saving, and to teaching both these arts. His record is that of having taught more people to swim than any other man in the United States, and of having saved the lives of thirty-two persons who were in danger of drowning, which is also probably a nobler record than can be shown by any other one man in the country. Mr. Daily—or "Professor" Daily, as his pupils call him—is a smooth-faced, rugged man, standing six feet high in his stockings, and weighing two hundred and ten pounds, except during the swimming and life-saving season, when his arduous labors on the beach reduce his weight to a hundred and seventy-five pounds. He is one of the heroes of the Pacific coast, and well deserves the honor which he has won.

The man of the Atlantic coast upon whom a similar honor has just been conferred is Dominick J. Ryder, of New York city, whose athletic form and sun-tanned face have for several years past been familiar to the bathers of Rockaway Beach. He was first employed there as bathing-master, and afterward as a life-saver. Although only twenty-four years old, the young life-saver's long and intimate connection with salt-water has earned for him the title of "Captain," and this year the bronzed face and watchful eye of Captain Ryder re-assures many a timid Long Branch bather; for he has transferred himself and his apparatus from Rockaway to the Branch, where he has already become a prominent and noteworthy figure of the beach. This young life-saver has a record of nine lives actually saved, and over fifty persons rescued from perilous situations in which they were in danger of drowning. Before receiving the great United States medal he was already entitled to wear that of the American Humane Society, and several that have been presented to him by individuals and the guests of sea-side hotels.

Captain Ryder has invented and brought to his aid in his work several pieces of simple but efficacious life-saving apparatus. Most valuable of these is the little steel catamaran which he can launch through any surf, and which will float, right side up, in any sea. It is formed of two light steel hulls, each about the width and half the length of a single-scull racing shell, supporting a simple frame, to which are attached the row-locks and oars with which the craft is propelled. The catamaran is only used when the drowning person is at such a distance from shore that too much valuable time and strength would be lost in reaching him by swimming. On the catamaran are carried a tough bamboo pole about twelve feet long, and an India rubber ring life-preserver, to which is attached a coil of line. The captain's favorite position during bathing hours is lying stretched at full length in the warm sand within a few feet of the water. Here he is apparently an indifferent observer of what is going on; but at the first sign of trouble among the bathers, or a cry for help, he springs up, keenly alert and ready for action. It takes but a second to launch the catamaran, or to spring into the water and strike out for the scene of distress if it is within short swimming distance. If the drowning man retains his consciousness and self-possession, the end of the bamboo pole is thrust to him, he grasps it, and is towed ashore; or the life-preserver is tossed within his reach, and he is drawn to the catamaran; for the captain's policy is always to keep, if possible, beyond the reach of those who in their fright might grasp his body or arms in such a manner as to imperil both their lives. If the unfortunate has lost consciousness, the life-preserver is fixed over his head like a collar, and he is towed ashore by the strong swimmer, or he is seized under the shoulders, or by the hair if it is long enough, and drawn to the beach.

Although the service to which Captain Ryder has devoted his life is full of peril and arduous duty, it is not devoid of humorous incidents. One of these, which occurred recently, is related by him with much gusto. He says he was lying in the sand one pleasant afternoon watching a party of Israelites who were disporting themselves in the shallow water inside the life-lines. Suddenly they came rushing from the water, gesticulating frantically, and screaming, "Mishter Swontheim ish drowning! Mishter Swontheim ish drowning!" Seeing in the water a struggling form, of which the head and feet had disappeared beneath the surface, the life-saver waded out to it, grasped it by the waistband and shirt collar, and by a dexterous movement stood the corpulent and gasping "Mishter Swontheim" upon his feet, in water but little above his waist. He was nearly exhausted, and so thoroughly bewildered and frightened that his violent struggles had all tended to keep his head down. Thus, with every desire to live, it is probable that, but for Captain Ryder's timely presence, the unfortunate Hebrew would have been drowned in three feet of water.

A NATIONAL SPORT.

Just as an Italian carries his love for garlic with him wherever he goes, and a Chinaman is never to be met without his pigtail, so wherever a sufficient number of Englishmen are collected they will surely organize themselves into a cricket team. As soon as the British soldier had accomplished the "occupation" of Cyprus he began to play cricket there; on the plains of Candahar, with Ayoub Khan almost in sight, the officers of the different British regiments were industriously accepting challenges and playing off matches. In Zululand, in the intervals of tedious and pestilential marches, assegais were set up as wickets, and the English soldiers knocked sweet-potatoes about with a knobkerry, which did duty as a bat; and more recently in Egypt, while Sir Garnet Wolseley was slowly working his way to victory, the British marines were making long scores in the dust of Alexandria. The knapsack of every French soldier is said to contain a field-marshal's *baton;* but certainly "Tommy Atkins" never started on a march without a bat and ball and set of wickets on his back.

It has indeed become a hackneyed phrase that Englishmen take cricket with them wherever they go, yet few perhaps understand how completely it is true. In Africa, not only at Natal and George Town, Wynberg, Port Elizabeth, Sunday's River, and other spots in the south, but on the western coast at Lagos and elsewhere, and on the north in Algeria and in every part of Egypt, the game is played. In Asia not only have matches been recorded from every part of India and Burmah, the China and Straits settlements, Japan, and Ceylon with its half-dozen clubs, but also from Aden in Arabia, and Zanzibar. In America, though base-ball holds the foremost place in popular esteem throughout the North, whether in the States or Canada, cricket is played regularly; while in Mexico and at Panama, as well as all along the southern continent, from Guiana to Buenos Ayres, Montevideo and Estancia Adela, round to Chili and Peru, up the Plate River, the astonished natives have seen the aliens amusing themselves after the fashion of the cold climates whence they came. In Europe it is needless to say how wide-spread the game is, while in all the strange nooks and corners where Englishmen have found a home it is systematically practiced. At Gibraltar and Malta, in Jamaica and on St. Helena, New Zealand and Nova Scotia, the Bermudas, Barbadoes, the Falkland Isles, and the Feejees—at all these places matches have been settled as well as the climate, the country, and the circumstances would allow.

Mr. Alfred Jingle's famous account of the cricket match in Ceylon, in which hot water had to be poured on the ground to make it possible to pitch the stumps, and where the field all dropped in their places asphyxiated, has always been received as a rather highly colored piece of reporting; but lightish blue-jackets play at Acapulco with the temperature in the field at 145 degrees, and a match was reported from Upper India a year or two ago when, in the middle of the hottest month of one of the hottest seasons ever recorded, two elevens met and actually played out a game. "Not a living thing," the reporter wrote, "dared the heat, and yet each side scored over a hundred runs. The vultures even had taken refuge in the shade; but the British soldier ran the overthrows with all the energy he could have shown at Sandhurst on an English summer day." The ground, too, had its defects, for long-leg stood waist-deep in brushwood, while back-stop had a ravine behind him over which he had to scramble for every bye. But even this compares somewhat favorably with that Egyptian cricket ground described as "the acres of brown powder, within the centre an oblong patch of lime and sand, seven palm-trees being dotted about the field." Yet whatever the obstacle, the cricketer will have his game, and whether on the beach of Turk's Island or the shingle of Pernambuco, throws all his energy into the work before him.

Indeed much of the foreign history of England might be written from its matches, for wherever a regiment or a man-of-war is stationed, there will cricket be played. Every nation in turn has wondered at the Englishman—the lethargic Hindoos to see the sahib, in whose hands are life and death, pursue a ball which any one of his hundred subordinates looking on would esteem it a favor to be allowed to fetch for him; and the pigtailed Chinaman and swarthy Malay to behold the "Tuan," otherwise so dignified and important a person, taking delight in running backward and forward with a heavy bat in his hands which a servant might just as well have carried. The bewildered Japanese as well as the astonished Peruvians have dubbed the game as "madness," just as in India a picnic is called a "lunatic's dinner," and a fancy ball a "fools' dance."

Yet in India the natives are ceasing to wonder, and are beginning to play themselves. At first they would have nothing to say to a game that tested the nerves and fatigued the limbs; but after a bit the more robust minds—not always the more robust bodies—caught the great truth that healthful exercise was one of the secrets of the Englishmen's power, and one by one the swarthy players came on to the field.

At Bareilly not long ago—where the keener air and more rugged country have bred a vigorous class—a school eleven of native lads beat the artillery team, and local journals now record regularly the prowess in the field of Hindoo and Mohammedan cricketers of Agra and Lucknow, Delhi and Lahore, Benares and Allahabad. Travelling, too, from India eastward, we find in Burmah and Singapore, in China and Japan, the native joining in the amusements of the English communities; and whether at Rangoon or Amoy, Nagasaki or Yokohama, the heathen names have their place in every cricketing eleven. With the English language the English pastime has travelled round the world. Empty beer bottles, it has been said, have hitherto marked the advance and limits of British enterprise; but with greater truth it may be alleged that the presence or absence of cricket defines the area of British predominance and the extent of British influence. And it is surely a finer demarkation than the institutions which commonly evidence the boundaries of conquest or oppression, for instead of bringing with it extortion and cruelty and death, it forms a bond of fellowship between the natives and the aliens, and is a never-failing source of health and strength.

OFF FOR THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS.

When an Indian chief is carried to his place of burial, whether it be a grave or a rude platform of branches swung on the limbs of a tree, his body is preceded by a company of musicians, who chant his praises in rude strains. His famous exploits as a warrior and hunter form the burden of their song, and with their sorrow for his death are mingled wishes for an even greater career in the happy hunting grounds to which his spirit has passed on.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

There has been suggested in London a scheme for reducing to five days the time required for making the journey between that city and this. It is to make Galway the port on the other side, and utilize fast steam-ships and express trains to the best possible advantage. "It is a contingency," says the London *Money*, "which is not impossible, possibly not remote."

In a go-ahead Western town the clergyman does most of his parochial visiting by telephone. He hopes that he will get his parishioners educated up to the use of the telephone for donation purposes by next winter, and will thus prevent the destruction of his household furniture and the depletion of his choicest winter supplies.

It is cheering to be promptly informed through special cable dispatches that the reputation of the United States for being well up toward the front in all seemly things is maintained in the Bois de Boulogne foot-races. These races, it is said, are very popular with the French and American ladies in the gay capital, who win and lose dozens of gloves by backing their favorite runners. The fleet-footed contestants are young gentlemen of leisure. They assume race-course names that would be appropriate for steeds, and in other ways the events suggest those of the equine race-track. America's champion in the latest of these contests was a young Philadelphian, who won the 1000-meter race, and also the Prix de Nice medal in the 100-meter dash.

An inkling of the secrets of trade can be obtained from the fact that such drugs as opium, oil of peppermint, and camphor have advanced in price about twenty-five per cent. in this market since the cholera alarm in France began to spread.

A newspaper says that a number of cattle have died in Pennsylvania of hydrophobia, "caused by the bite of a strange dog on a tramp." Perhaps M. Pasteur will turn his attention to the problem how the cattle got hydrophobia when the strange dog bit the tramp, and whether the animosity of dogs for tramps is likely to result in disaster to the dairy interests generally.

Twice at least in recent years cholera has entered this country by the way of New Orleans. Yet it is said, on the authority of a physician, that the money spent annually on the Mardi Gras would make that city clean and healthful. The success of the contemplated Exposition is at stake this time.

A man was arraigned in a Brooklyn court a few days ago for beating a woman who was a stranger to him. He explained to the judge that he mistook the woman for his wife, and he seemed greatly surprised when the magistrate refused to consider the explanation amply sufficient.

A strange story of attempted robbery in a church comes from Mexico. In that country funerals are often held early in the morning, and the priest of the Soledad de Santa Cruz Church did not think it strange when permission was asked to take an encoffined body to the church on the evening before the funeral. In the night the body—that of a live thief—stole the church jewels, but did not get away with them.

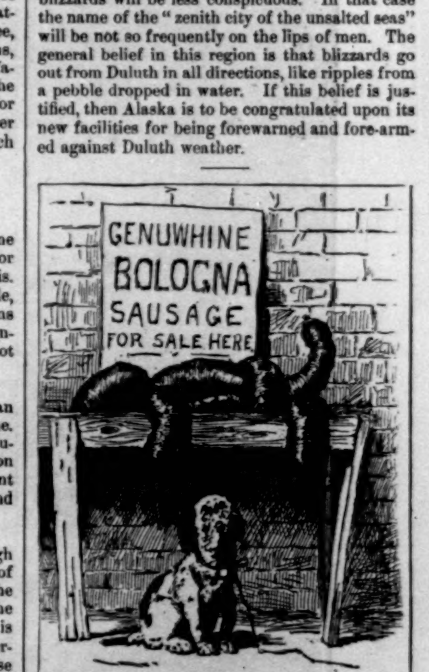
A thoroughly methodical person eventually becomes convinced that it is not good policy to take things for granted. After spending an hour in drilling at a safe door in Newark, a burglar was frightened away. The men who frightened him off discovered that the door had not been locked at all.

In Italy there is a sort of communistic society that is "supposed to combine brigandage with anarchism"—thus differing from the Communists of our own land, who combine beer with their anarchism—whose members to the number of about three hundred are to be put on trial in June. The trial promises to be more noteworthy in some respects than the Star Route trials were. For instance, fifteen hundred witnesses have offered to testify for the prosecution, while a hundred and twelve lawyers have been retained for the defense of prisoners.

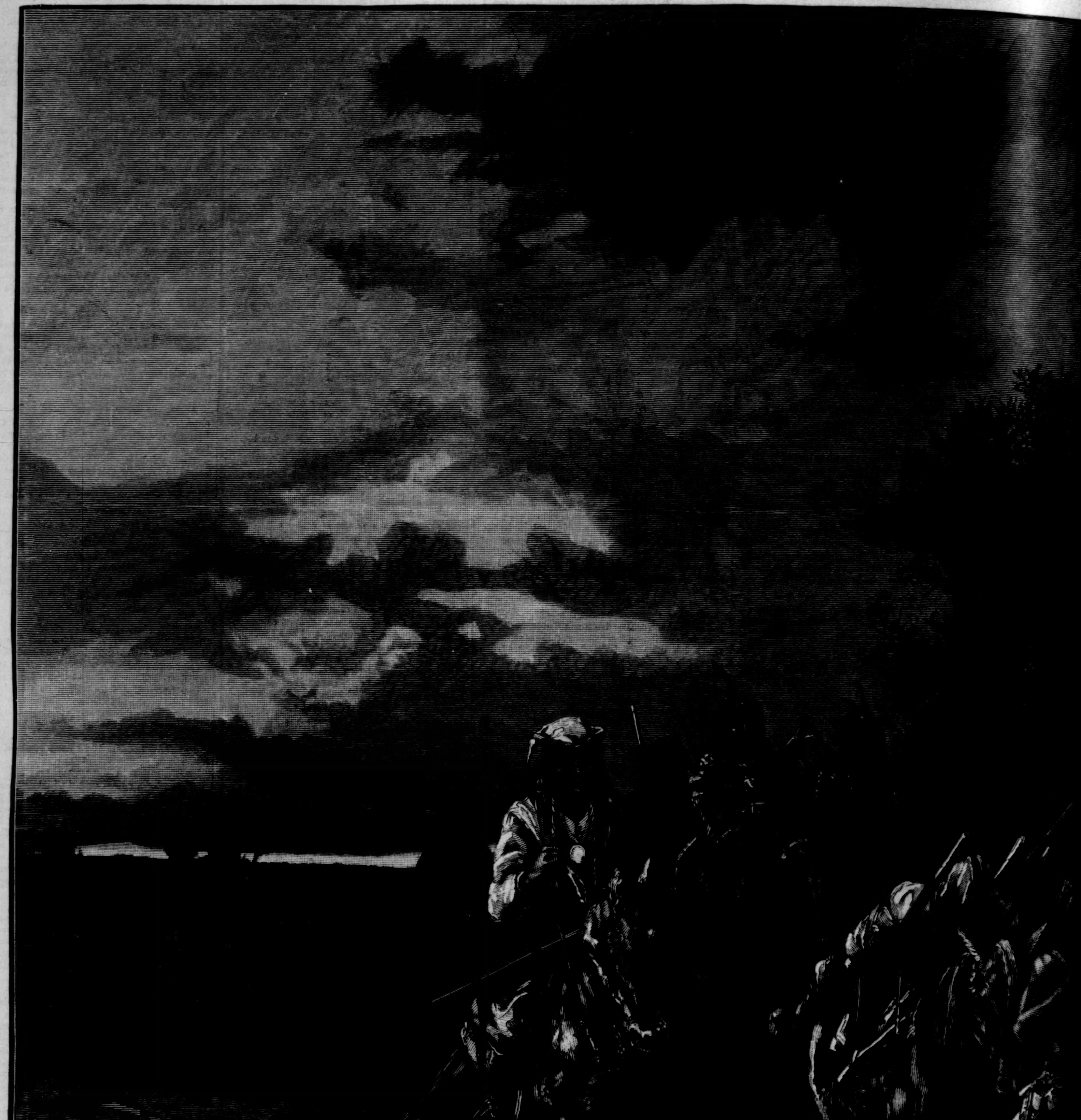
It has been twice decided of late—once in this city and once in Philadelphia—that a package placed on the top of a street letter-box is not properly in "an authorized depository for mail matter," and that a person who takes the package therefrom and carries it away does not commit a punishable offense. In the Philadelphia case it was proved that the prisoner went up to the mail-box, put his hat over the package, lifted both up, and stole away.

A correspondent of an Indiana newspaper has been giving his attention to poetry and poets, and he has come to the conclusion that "they say things in rhyme which if said by other folks in prose would land them in the penitentiary before Saturday night."

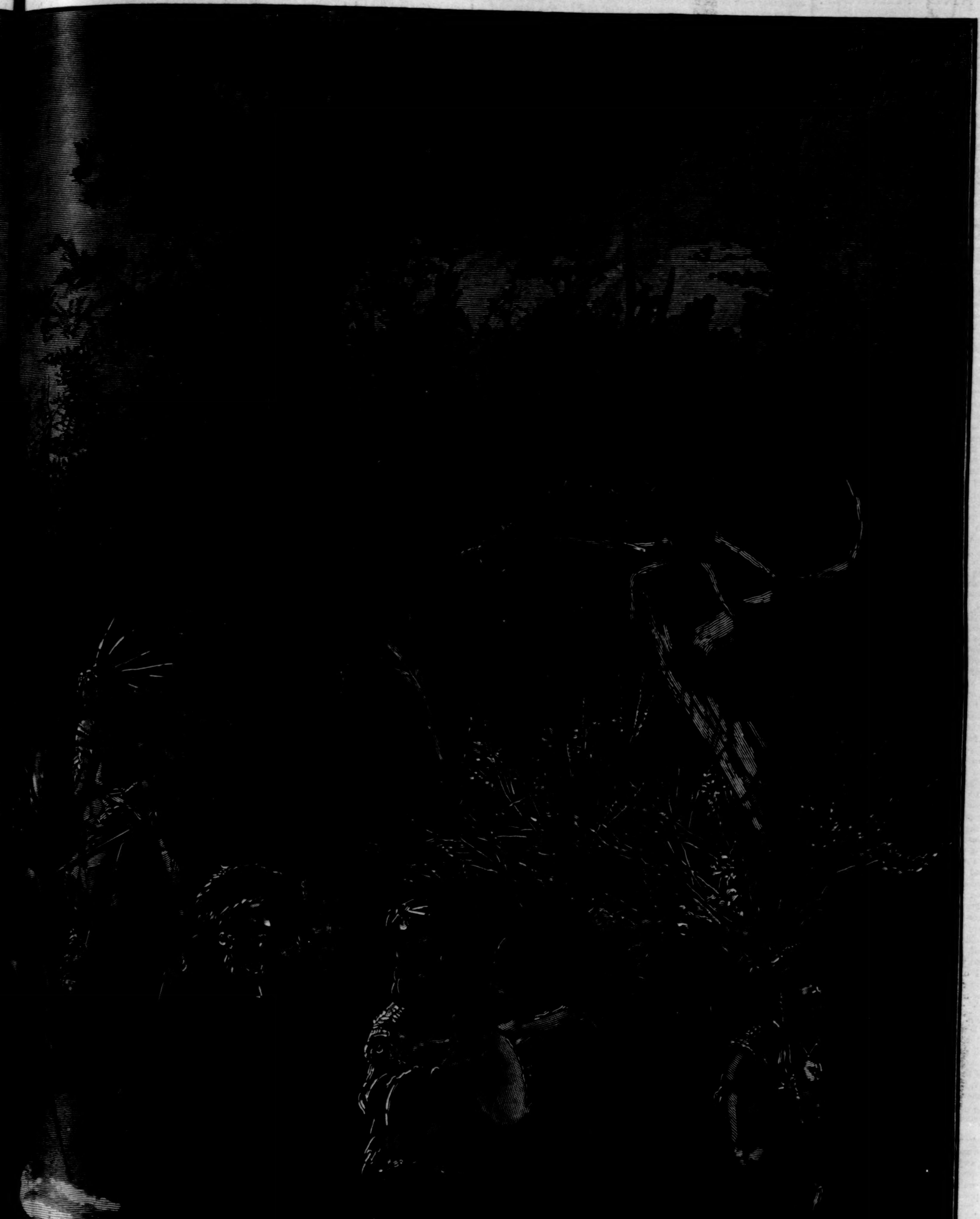
The Chief Signal Officer having decided to establish a signal station in Alaska, it is possible that the bad eminence of Duluth as a breeder of blizzards will be less conspicuous. In that case the name of the "zenith city of the unsalted seas" will be not so frequently on the lips of men. The general belief in this region is that blizzards go out from Duluth in all directions, like ripples from a pebble dropped in water. If this belief is justified, then Alaska is to be congratulated upon its new facilities for being forewarned and fore-armed against Duluth weather.



"Mother, dear mother, don't you hear your little Touzer calling? I feel that you are near me, though I can't see you, mother."



AN INDIAN FUNERAL—OFF FOR THE HAPPY HU



ING GROUNDS.—Drawn by P. Frenzeny.—[See Page 479.]

LOVE AND MIRAGE;

OR,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

THE LANDING.

FREE to roam and free to love! Could words more welcome come and go in a young man's brain? Unbidden were they there and unbidden stayed they, after the fashion of all sweet guests, sure of approval as the rose and the zephyr. And the happy conviction somehow took possession of Arnold Venning's mind that having roamed so far he should find love. If not here, where indeed? This sunny place seemed made for love and romance, a little world islanded from commonness or vulgar gloss. As yet he was but on the threshold, and what a fresh and tranquillizing picture met his eyes that summer morning! what soothing sounds greeted his ears accustomed to the bustle of cities! Close under the windows of the little hostel flashed quiet waves upon a green shore, and the sun, as it rose slowly in the heavens, shone upon a repetition of the same scene, far and wide, cool gray waters and grassy banks. A few hundred yards lower down lay the little steamer which had landed Arnold Venning and his fellow-traveller on this sweet place the night before, and it was with a feeling of satisfaction he now watched it gradually move away in the direction of the open sea. The last link binding him to the world of every day was broken. Who freer now to wander and to love?

It might seem strange to others, as indeed it often perplexed himself, that a young man so favored of nature and circumstance as Arnold Venning should be in quest of romance. He blamed rather the world, whose favorite he was, than himself that he had well-nigh reached his thirtieth year without ever having fallen in love. Men go a-wooing and maidens are won, it is true, in brilliant circles of great cities, but are hearts ever broken there? Arnold Venning had no wish to break his heart, he only wanted to feel sure that he possessed one; like many another, he was rebelling against the monotony with which excess of culture has leavened social life. He would fain taste a little naturalness, breathe a more ingenuous air. His best years must not be absorbed in coldly gratifying a curious intellect, or enjoying an existence no less satisfactory to himself than to outsiders. Lazily as he might acknowledge the fact, it was patent to all. None could pronounce Arnold Venning a failure.

But is not that life a failure which has no passion in it? Yes, said this young critic of life in general, and his own being especially. It must be so, otherwise the great poets of all time have but fabled, and poetry itself is a sham and a make-believe. Then he smiled at the notion that a man of the world like himself, and a frequenter of fastidious circles in London and Paris, should have come to this outlandish spot in search of an emotion!

With that smile on his lips, half satirical, half self-approving, he set about the business of his toilet. After all, he reasoned, continuing his soliloquy, what are the endings of most romance but disillusion and commonplace? The fireside, the home, the headship of a house—are these to be set against a man's freedom? Never.

His thoughts were rudely disturbed by the intrusion of a head, with hair the color of his own, from behind the door, and a voice asking in humorous dismay:

"*Did* you put in any soap?"

Only a brother could have intruded thus, and with brother-like unceremoniousness the speaker was answered by a bar of soap flung at his head. Then the elder shouted, as he went on with the business of dressing: "You lazy fellow! I thought you were out reconnoitring long ago."

"And I could hardly believe my ears when I heard you get out of bed just now. You were to be up at five o'clock!" retorted the other.

"I wish you would make haste and look after a trap," replied Arnold. "I say, Harvey, I can get a sketch if you will send me a cup of coffee and manage everything."

"Sketch away," was the good-natured answer, and the careless dialogue nicely indicated the position of the pair. Arnold's playfully assumed superiority, Harvey's as playful submission. The elder brother did not aver of the younger,

"All thy passions, matched with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine."

A stranger might have made the comparison with some aptness. The two were uncommonly alike, but as yet the alike force of character and mental supremacy clearly belonged to the first-born. Arnold, moreover, had a better presence, a finer appearance, although nature had kindly endowed both brothers as to the outer man. And Arnold had already made himself a position in the world of art and letters, while Harvey, of an artistic turn also, although presumably studying law, was still wondering what he should do with himself and his opportunities. Meantime the sketcher set to work in business-like fashion, and the idler went down-stairs to flirt with the pretty girl preparing breakfast, make acquaintance generally, and find out what was to be had in the shape of a conveyance. The people assorted well with the place, a charming rusticity, an ingratiating pastoralness, stamping both, not unmixed with a touch of roughness, free, however, from acerbity. The brothers continued their journey in exuberant spirits. Their cariole was of the rudest—for seats they had only sacks stuffed with straw—the horses ambled slowly over stony ways; but the pleasant little land, the pearly sea hemming it round about, the glowing noon after the cool dayspring — how could they ever forget these first impressions?

And as they journeyed on amid the yellow corn fields, losing sight of the sea for a while, a veritable Eden seemed this unknown island under the Northern Star.

There were roses growing in strange abundance before thatched dwellings, the trimmest, most romantic imaginable. "Surely fay-folk should live in them," said Arnold to his companion. Nor were the golden plateaux between village and village hardly less wonderful, so had the flowers run riot from one end of this land to the other. 'Twas one vast parterre in the midst of cool gray seas. Lovelier and more surprising still was the last stage of their journey, for straightway the road led them without warning into the heart of a dense beechen forest, where once more they caught gentle sea sounds. When they emerged, instead of mellow corn fields and Arcadian homesteads, there lay the blue waves close under their feet, wooded ways and hanging rose gardens leading down to the marge.

"Arrived, then!" said Harvey, turning over the pages of a sixpenny guide-book bought on the other side of the water. "And yonder handsome white house with the lawn and the lime-trees should be the hotel. Suppose we dine?"

"Suppose we do, and we can make out our plans afterward," said the elder brother, wholly absorbed in contemplating the naïve graces of the place. "But, my stars, how beautiful! I must go to the water's edge."

"There goes the dinner-bell. A *table d'hôte* at noon, then? Well, I will go in-doors and secure our places," Harvey good-naturedly replied.

He paid the driver and sauntered toward the hotel, whilst Arthur found his way to the shore, five minutes' walk only by whitewashed cottages, each standing in its bower of roses. This was the village street, and the uses to which the fisher-folk had turned their homely dwellings was indicated by the prevailing life and bustle.

Arthur Venning sighed as he met groups of well-dressed holiday-makers. The world, if not fashion, then, had invaded his Arcadia. Yet he admitted that there might be consolations, as he caught sight of one pair of blue eyes after another. When indeed should these northern roses and northern beauties be found together except under such conditions? This cool green island, caressed by summer seas, was inaccessible during the greater part of the year. It must be taken, like a wit, when in the humor. He was about to descend a little wooden stair leading to the shore, when Harvey came up to him flushed with running.

"You really must turn back," he said. "The dinner has begun, and I have secured our places opposite the two prettiest girls in the world. Was ever such luck?"

Back they turned, therefore, Arthur, as usual, making merry at his brother's expense. How absurd it was, ever working himself up to a pitch of excitement about pretty girls, and nothing coming of it year after year! Nevertheless, when he took his seat, he could but acknowledge that Harvey was right. The pair of sisters on the other side of the table were, well, quite distractingly pretty, thought the young man, as, having bowed courteously, he glanced from one to the other.

Blue eyes, silken curls, rosy lips, and velvety cheeks, however, are common enough, and often make up a combination wholly uninteresting. Nothing, indeed, gives the observer a more irritating sense of waste than prettiness without beauty; but here was a charm independent of both. The look, glance, expression, call it by what name we will, of the two beautiful sisters might have redeemed a downright ugly face; and is not the look in a human being what manner is to a book? If that fails to please, all other graces are vain or touch us coldly. We may be instructed after a fashion; enriched and delighted, never.

Like as were the pair in the matter of eyes blue as alkanet, the loveliest blush imaginable, brown hair, and teeth of pearl, there was the same difference between them as between the brothers. The largest share of outward beauty, and evidently strength of character, had fallen to the first-born. Just as Harvey was a copy of Arthur, so the younger girl was a copy of the elder—a charming copy too! One hardly coveted the original more than the picture beside it. It must here be explained that the Teutonic maiden has little in common with a certain type of her English or American sister.

This quartette could now fall into easy, pleasant talk without need of further introduction than a smile and an inclination of the head; firstly because such was the fashion of those parts, but chiefly because coquetry is not a plant that flourishes on German soil. The naturalness of the girls' behavior was due as much to circumstances as to character. They could freely talk with two strangers of the other sex because custom permitted, and there was no consciousness of being on forbidden ground to lead them further; and if not here, surely in no corner of the world could ceremony be dispensed with. Who would be at the trouble of going half-way to the North Pole without prospective reward?

CHAPTER II.

"EYES BLUE AS ALKANET."

AN introduction of some kind can generally be contrived by those who have their wits about them; Arthur, ingenious of the ingenious, a stickler by routine in the matter of etiquette to boot, before ten minutes were over had put himself and his brother almost on the footing of old friends. He recollected that he had with him the card of a well-known German professor whose pupil he had been at Göttingen years ago, and now produced it with excellent effect. The lines scrawled on the back were so conveniently worded as to introduce him at any time, to any one, and in any place.

The elder girl smilingly read it and handed it to her sister; she in her turn, after perusal, passed it on to the elderly pair under whose protection they seemed to be.

"Very good! very good!"

Thus saying, the old professor and his wife, who were evidently kindly disposed toward these well-bred young Englishmen, nodded in friendliest fashion, and before coming back to Arthur the card had gone the round of the table, and the question of their respectability was settled. He was now on the point of producing another, but on second thoughts refrained, at least for the present. The other card withheld, thin as writing-paper and having a gilt edge, was inscribed with the name of a very grand personage indeed, no other than that of a reigning prince, commending him to another, the potentate of these parts, and one of the richest subjects of the Empire.

Arthur feared to appear a snob in the eyes of his ingenuous friends, and then as yet there were no more difficulties to smooth away. The rest of the meal passed off pleasantly as a family dinner party. How wonderful all that followed was in the eyes of the London-bred men! For two or three hours later they were out-of-doors, with the two girls for guides, four happy lovers a-Maying in the old ballads no more natural or pleased with each other's company. A party of half a score quitted the hotel together, but soon Arthur was leading the way under the elder sister's wing, carrying her basket, gathering flowers for her, feeling on a sudden as if he were young indeed. It was the first time he had ever gone a-Maying with a beautiful girl, and the first time he had ever known a woman named Elizabeth. The name, as well as the simple white dress she wore, took his fancy. No fashion, no artificial graces, no lendings here. A sweet woman, a sweet name, a sweet gown. That was all.

"What made you come to this island?" asked Elizabeth, when they sat down to rest.

"To wait for a mirage," Arthur answered, with perfect seriousness. Then he turned to her, putting in his turn the same direct question.

"What made you come to this island?"

Elizabeth's answer was prompt as his own. "To fly from a sorrow," she replied, looking down at her flowers. "Will the mirage come, do you think?" she added.

"Will the sorrow go?" asked Arthur. "We must both have faith."

And as he glanced at the eyes blue as alkanet that had suddenly filled with tears, he would have given worlds to ask more.

"They say here that sooner or later all seekers after mirage are rewarded; but there are sorrows not to be charmed away, and mine is one," she said. "Let us not talk of it. I am happy at this moment."

"Who could help being happy?" again asked Arthur.

The girl laughed bitterly.

"You speak as if there were no lost souls in the world," she said. "Can happiness, or even enjoyment, be the portion of a burdened conscience?"

"Well," Arthur replied, soothingly, "thank Heaven, I have not a burdened conscience, and I am sure you have not either."

"Nor my little sister Flora," answered Elizabeth, glancing behind her.

"Nor my brother Harvey," echoed Arthur, also glancing round him. The other pair were close behind, but quite occupied with each other.

Elizabeth's mood now changed, and she said, almost in a merry vein, although there was significance in the words, "Then you shall watch over your brother, and I over my sister, to see that no harm comes to them."

"As if harm could happen to them!" laughed Arthur, lightly. Once more Elizabeth grew enigmatic and grave.

"You may be able to answer for your charge, I can not answer for mine."

"Nay," again retorted Arthur, lightly, "I can be responsible for no one. Were this island a pitfall of dangers as you seem to believe, Harvey must be his own paladin."

"But my little sister's case is different," said Elizabeth, with the staidness of a nun. "Beauty a peril of one kind, youth of another. I must watch over her like a mother." Arthur smiled, but did not venture to utter the thought in his mind. If then Elizabeth so watched over the lovely Flora, who watched over the lovelier Elizabeth?

"I am several years older than my sister," said the girl, as if reading his thoughts. "She is but eighteen, and I am twenty-three."

"Strange coincidence," cried Arthur. "I am just five years my brother's senior."

"I wish I had a brother," sighed Elizabeth, her mind evidently going on another track.

"I can not conceive why any girl should covet such an appendage," laughed Arthur. "What good is a brother except to make holes in stockings for his sister to darn? I confess, though, I have often envied men their sisters, though not of the darning kind."

"I will tell you why I have wished for a brother," Elizabeth replied, looking at him with that charming directness he found irresistible. "Because a woman can not fight a duel. That is why."

Then she blushed crimson, as if accusing herself of forwardness, and talked for a while of bagatelles.

When Arthur declared that he had come to this island in search of a mirage, he was not uttering a jest. This breezy, fabled, flowery land was the cradle of wonderment and natural marvel. At times, so folks said and believed, lovely cities and scenes would be seen pictured in the sky, cloud pageantry as gorgeous as visited the inner eye of the blind Apocalypt. Nor did the sea offer spectacles less strange and beautiful. On certain days when the atmosphere was more transparent than usual, and not a breath stirred the heavens, cities that had been buried under the waves for ages and swallowed up on account of their sins might be seen, and the stately folk that still inhabit them. Sometimes these phantom streets would present a scene of bustle and animation; at others, the inhabitants might be seen clad in stately robes and sitting in golden chariots, or with slow, solemn pace following a funeral car. Arthur had read of these things, and in visiting this island was realizing a plan nursed for long years. Here at least he had said to himself he should see something new and strange.

Meantime Harvey, a finished flirt in London drawing-rooms, found himself at sweet and unexpected disadvantage here. Do what he would he must be natural, himself, and nothing but himself. Not a London phrase or smile would serve his turn now. The ingratiating candor and artlessness of his companion made him also feel fresh and youthful. A few minutes after inwardly smiling at Flora's enthusiasm for flowers, he was gathering them as eagerly as herself. It was verging on the absurd but delicious all the same.

"How happy it makes me to see Elizabeth so friendly toward your brother!" cried the girl, with the *naïveté* of a five-year-old child.

"And how rejoiced I am at the thought that Arthur may at last make a real friend of a woman!" said Harvey.

"Has your brother, then, hitherto held aloof from our sex?"

Harvey laughed.

"And I was just going to ask if your sister, for any reason or other, felt animosity toward ours?"

"She has been embittered," Flora answered, briefly. "Never was any one born with a sunnier disposition. Now tell me why your brother should dislike women."

"Heaven forbid!" laughed Harvey. "No, Arthur has no strong feelings of an unpleasant kind—or the reverse. He is too indifferent. I want to see him more in earnest in his likes and dislikes. I want to see him—" the young man did not venture to say "in love," although the words nearly escaped him. He blurted forth, after a moment's hesitation, "—emphatic, enthusiastic—you must know what I mean."

"Yes, I understand you," Flora said, "and I feel exactly the same with regard to Elizabeth. If she would only throw herself heart and soul into some new interest. If she would only believe that human beings are worth caring for—which they are, I am sure," added this eighteen-year-old philosopher, with eyes blue as alkanet and the sweetest white gown in the world.

"We will plot, we will connive," Harvey replied, enchanted at the possibilities opening before him. "You shall lay a trap for your sister, and I will set a snare for my brother. They shall confide in each other and become fast friends."

"Elizabeth's dream night and day is to find a confidant, a fast friend. But it must be some one who is as loyal as he is brave, and as good as he is loyal."

"Arthur is all that, I can answer for him," Harvey answered, eagerly. He had never been more serious in his life.

The girl smiled at his impetuosity.

"It is natural to praise one's brother. If I began praising my sister I should never leave off. We were all so happy a year ago!" she sighed.

"This place seems made for felicity," put in Harvey, parenthetically.

"I can not help being happy wherever I am," said Flora, with a little remorse.

"But you ought to feel thankful that you can thus exercise a cardinal virtue."

"Oh! to be happy is not to be virtuous," Flora cried.

"I have always believed the contrary. The really happy person must be a benefactor of his kind, since he makes others so."

Flora reflected.

"'One smile, like one swallow, brings a skyful,' says the proverb. Yes, under certain circumstances, to smile may become a duty."

"Then we will do our duty in right good earnest, and feel thankful that it is no harder one."

Whereupon each looked into the other's face and smiled. Just then Elizabeth beckoned Flora to her side on the rustic bench. Harvey, following Arthur's example, flung himself on the turf.

"What have you two been talking about?" asked Elizabeth, with the authority of an elder sister.

"We began by particulars, and ended in generalities," Harvey answered, quickly. "Is it right or wrong to be happy? That is the ethical problem we were deep in just now. And what have you been talking about?" he asked of Elizabeth, smiling in his turn.

"We have riddled as one sphinx to another," was Arthur's reply.

"May we not hear the riddles?" asked Flora, simply.

"Hear, then, and be wise. One running after a mirage, one eluding a shadow. What will they find? Or, let me put you in a mizmaze more hopeless still. A phantom brother, a dream sister, a suspended sword."

"We have been discussing the reciprocal advantage of having brothers or sisters," put in Elizabeth, with a sign of impatience. "But why do we talk so much in a beautiful place? Let us go on."

CHAPTER III.

THE WALK.

WHY, indeed? The place was too lovely for prattle; the very breath of praise seemed inappropriate. With deepest wisdom Nature has

surely ordained that the butterfly and the beetle play their brilliant little parts in her great show without a word. Were the animal world as loquacious as the human, who could support the universal hubbub? They had been climbing all this time, ever a musical plash of waves in their ears, ever interlaced branches overhead, broad patens of azure visible here and there, but the sea and the sky shut out for the nonce; under their feet velvety moss, about them many a gray old trunk, tapestried with bright leaves and blossoms of creeping plants, the scarlet and the blue. By-and-by they came to a break in the wooded foreland, and what a change! The earth had here been cleft asunder, and from two dimpled hills that parted gently was seen the wide, open sea, still and far off, as in a picture, and of a pearliness lovelier than any color. But the little dell between the twin slopes—and 'twas but one of many hereabouts—who shall describe the ineffable charm of those grassy stairs, the dark runlet trickling down, the golden warmth above, the cool green shadow below? In the light of golden lawny spaces beyond the opening glanced white-winged butterflies, as the wide expanse of sea and sky was broken by silvery sea-birds or the flashing sheen of a ship at anchor. Wild with delight, the girls now sprang from one hill to another, holding by stem or branch as they peered down.

"Have no fear for us!" cried Elizabeth, as standing on the giddiest height. "We are both accustomed to precipices now, and this is nothing to what we will show you to-morrow." She let Arthur hold her hand, however, as she slowly descended the steep sides of the tiny ravine. Flora also accepted Harvey's help, and soon all four were safely landed at the bottom.

"Will you really show us more wonderful places to-morrow?" asked Arthur.

"It is the custom," replied Elizabeth, "that those who arrive on the island first should act the cicerone to new-comers. We will, then, next take you, with other acquaintances, to the Black Lake."

"An awful name!"

"But a sweet place. We can go by steamer, and walk home, making a halt on the way."

"And after the Black Lake?"

"There is the light-house. Like no other ever built. Nothing here is to be matched anywhere in the world."

Arthur glanced at his beautiful companion, and thought that the remark applied at least to one of the beings on it. She continued to enumerate the marvels to be seen in the happiest humor. The sea, the forest, the glory of the day, and the sense of freedom seemed to intoxicate her.

"Then there are the fisher-maidens of the Blue Bay," she went on, gayly. "They wear wonderful dresses, of the fashion of a thousand years ago, and have the bluest eyes in Christendom."

Arthur did not say it, but the thought was in his mind that eyes blue enough were at hand.

"Ah," he broke in, laughingly, when she had come to an end of her list, "you do not read your guide-book. You are an untrustworthy cicerone; you have left out one of the chief sights of the island."

The four had been running hither and thither in search of butterflies, making posies with the zest of school-children, had joined in a summer song; when Arthur spoke, Elizabeth, kneeling on the ground, was letting Flora wreathe her hat with flowers.

"And what is that?" asked the girl, without looking up.

"You must know that a prince has his château and chase here?"

She made no answer, and Arthur went on in the same careless, teasing voice:

"An amiable and charming prince, too, if report speaks truly. Have you never heard of him?"

Elizabeth sprang from the ground, and Arthur saw that, for some reason or other, the question had ruffled—nay, disconcerted—both sisters. Flora crimsoned and fanned herself, pretending to be suddenly overcome with the heat. Elizabeth, whilst outwardly self-possessed, could not conceal her discomposure. She did not change color, but scorn and anger flashed from her eyes as she made curt reply:

"I have no love of princes."

Arthur smiled inwardly. In this fair girl had he found one of the would-be reconstructors of society on revolutionary principles, as numerous among the one sex as the other. The daringness and independence of character showed by Elizabeth in bagatelles seemed to warrant the idea. It tickled his fancy to think that here he had a beautiful convert to win over to the cause of order and expediency.

"I hope you do not include all in your category. You would not, for instance, think the worse of me for knowing this same prince?"

Perfect mistress of herself, Elizabeth still made no effort to conceal her scorn. It took entire possession of her as she turned upon her companion quickly with another question.

"How much do you know of him?" she asked. Arthur laughed lightly.

"To tell you plainest truth, nothing at all as yet. I merely put the question to probe the depth of your democratic convictions," he said, feeling now that he was on the wrong track.

Elizabeth laughed also, the short, artificial laugh that seemed to hide a feeling of relief.

"Indeed you are wrong there. I am no democrat in the sense that the word is generally used. One may have well-founded dislikes without being a theorist."

"I am thankful that you are no theorist," Arthur said.

"And I am thankful that you do not keep bad company."

"Oh!" he cried, with a shocked look. "Can there be bad company on this island?" He would not now say a single word about the letter introductory from one foreign prince to another in his pocket.

"So they say. But let us wait for the others to catch us up. We will then make a halt at the forester's, where we can have curds and whey."

Meantime Harvey and Flora had been absorbed in almost artless confabulation. The poor child seemed ready to cry of chagrin after that little episode, and quite unable to resist taking this new friend into her confidence.

"Elizabeth feels things too strongly," she said. "She can not help speaking out before strangers." Then correcting herself, she added, apologetically: "Of course, coming from Professor Brandt, we do not consider you as strangers. But think no more of what she said just now."

"Your sister has evidently a poor opinion of princes in general, and of this one in particular," Harvey made indifferent answer. How many other generous-minded girls were ready, like Elizabeth, to castigate those who fell below their own lofty standards of morality, especially of the other sex! The little outburst of feeling seemed to him to mean no more than this. The prince in question was a worldling, a votary of pleasure—in fact, he had obtained an unenviable reputation. He should tell Flora nothing about the introduction in Arthur's pocket for the present.

"There are some things Elizabeth will never forget or forgive; she says we are not bound to pardon injustice. But of what use to eat out one's heart without being able to obtain redress for wrongs?"

"Ah ha!" thought Harvey. "There is a question of family pride or interest here. This high personage has affronted or injured one of Flora's kindred, and refuses to make redress." Then he ran over in his mind the various probabilities that might meet the case. Yes, there had been high play at cards; a brother, uncle, or cousin of the lovely Elizabeth and her sweet, haughty apologist had been ruined by enforced payment of a debt of honor.

"Some families are born to misfortune," resumed Flora, as if such a summing up afforded comfort. "We must bear what trials Heaven sees fit to send; only, of course, I can not moralize to Elizabeth, as she is an elder sister."

"I do not think moralizing does anybody any good. Arthur preaches to me perpetually, and I am not one whit the wiser."

Thereupon both laughed gayly.

"Strange," began Flora, "that you should feel toward your brother as I do toward Elizabeth. We love each other dearly, yet she seems to forget that there are only five years between us, and that I am no longer a child."

"If you have no more to complain of, you are fortunate," rejoined Harvey. "Not a day passes but I tell Arthur he must think me an idiot. We are the best possible friends for all that."

Thus the pair prattled on whilst they continued their wonderful walk through the beechen forest above the sea. At first the way had led them through coppice, woods, and tangled undergrowth, now close to the edge of the bluff, now through the heart of a tiny comb opening upon the glassy bay. Here might be seen those storm-beaten trees, such as were used by Trojan archers. Not a stem or branch but had been contorted by the wind into the strangest forms; some of them might have been taken for Kobolds or other woodland folk, their quaint forms and eye-like cavities having a curiously human look.

They had now reached higher open ground, where veteran trees of superb aspect had been allowed ample room in which to throw out their branches, each standing in open lawny spaces, magisterial and alone. Nothing more strikes the imagination than these glorious relics of ages long passed away; for not a tree was here but, if transported to a modern park, would have dwarfed its neighbors, as an African lion its menagerie-bred brethren. There they stood, and there, if left undisturbed, they would stand for ages more, proud, generous, superb, while generations of pigmies passed under their shadow uttering feeble praises.

"There is the forester's. We can now rest," Flora cried. "And see, Elizabeth is nodding and waving her hand to friends on every side. It is the universal meeting-place."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LATEST ARCTIC TRAGEDY.

A little more than three years ago Lieutenant Greely set sail for the arctic seas, to establish, in accordance with an international arrangement, a station of observation in Grant Land, about latitude eighty-two degrees north, whence expeditions could be dispatched in the direction of the pole. He had with him a company of experienced and brave men, a supply of provisions for four years, material for building a strong and secure station, and abundance of fuel. It was arranged that a second expedition should follow the next summer with fresh supplies, and every precaution was taken to prevent a repetition of the sad tragedies which have marked the history of arctic exploration since the early navigators first ventured into those icy seas in search of the Northwest Passage.

The beginning was propitious. On the 14th of August, 1881, the *Proteus*, with Lieutenant Greely's party on board, cast anchor in Discovery Bay, after a seven days' battle with the ice, and there he determined to establish his permanent camp. The work of unloading the stores was begun at once. The carpenters set to work building the house. It measured sixty-one by twenty feet, and had double frames for better security against the severity of the arctic winter. The station was named Fort Conger, in honor of Senator Conger, of Michigan, who had been instrumental in securing the passage of the act of Congress which authorized the expedition. On the 18th of August the *Proteus* left the party in their arctic quarters, and brought back the intelligence that they were safely and comfortably housed, and looking forward to a year of activity and enterprise. From the day that the *Proteus* returned to St. John's nothing was heard of Lieutenant Greely and his brave comrades until last week, just three years lacking a month from the time she left them.

In June, 1882, the *Neptune* sailed from St. John's to carry supplies to the party, but could get no farther than Cape Sabine. After establishing caches there, it returned, and another year passed before a second relief expedition, consisting of the *Proteus* and the *Yantic*, could be sent out. The disastrous fate of this expedition is still fresh in the minds of our readers. The *Proteus* was crushed by the ice and sank, and the persons on board made their escape to the *Yantic*, which was obliged to return to St. John's without accomplishing the object of the expedition.

The colony at Fort Conger consisted of twenty-five men. Twenty-two, including the commander, had sailed from this country. At Disco, Greenland, Octave Pavy, M.D., was taken on board to fill the position of acting assistant surgeon; and at Proven, Jens Edward, an Esquimau, and Frederick Thovery Christiansen, a half-breed, were engaged to accompany the expedition.

Until the time arrived when Lieutenant Greely, the relief expeditions having failed to reach him, decided to abandon the station, the members of the colony were engaged in explorations and researches which resulted in many important discoveries, and added greatly to the body of geographical and scientific knowledge. The story is best told in Lieutenant Greely's modest dispatch to General Hazen from St. John's, Newfoundland, under date of the 17th inst.:

"For the first time in three centuries England yields the honor of the furthest north. Lieutenant Lockwood and Sergeant Brainerd, May 13, reached Lockwood Island, latitude 83° 24′ north, longitude 44° 5′ west. They saw from 2000 feet elevation no land north or northwest, but to northeast Greenland, Cape Robert Lincoln, latitude 83° 35′, longitude 38°. Lieutenant Lockwood was turned back in 1883 by open water on North Greenland shore, party barely escaping drift into Polar Ocean. Dr. Parry, in 1882, following Markham's route, was adrift one day in Polar Ocean north of Cape Joseph Henry, and escaped to land, abandoning nearly everything.

"In 1882 I made a spring and later summer trip into the interior of Grinnell Land, discovering Lake Hazen, some sixty by ten miles in extent, which, fed by ice caps of North Grinnell Land, drains Ruggles River and Weyprecht Fiord into Conybeare Bay and Archer Fiord. From the summit of Mount Arthur, 5000 feet, the contour of land west of the Conger Mountains convinced me that Grinnell Land travels directly south from Lieutenant Aldrich's furthest in 1876.

"In 1883 Lieutenant Lockwood and Sergeant Brainerd succeeded in crossing Grinnell Land, and ninety miles from Beatrix Bay, the head of Archer Fiord, struck the head of a fiord from the western sea, temporarily named by Lockwood the Greely Fiord. From the centre of the fiord, in latitude 80° 30′, longitude 78° 30′, Lieutenant Lockwood saw the northern shore termination, some twenty miles west, the southern shore extending some fifty miles, with Cape Lockwood some seventy miles distant—apparently a separate land from Grinnell Land. Have named the new land Arthur Land. Lieutenant Lockwood followed, going and returning, on ice cape averaging about one hundred and fifty feet perpendicular face. It follows that the Grinnell Land interior is ice-capped, with a belt of country some sixty miles wide between the northern and southern ice capes.

"In March, 1884, Sergeant Long, while hunting from the northwest side of Mount Carey to Hayes Sound, saw on the northern coast three capes westward of the furthest seen by Nares in 1876. The sound extends some twenty miles further west than is shown by the English chart, but is possibly shut in by land which showed up across the western end.

"The two years' station duties, observations, all explorations, and the retreat to Cape Sabine were accomplished without loss of life, disease, serious accident, or even severe frost-bites. No scurvy was experienced at Conger, and but one death occurred from it last winter."

It is evident from Lieutenant Greely's narrative that had the relief expeditions succeeded in reaching Fort Conger, or in making caches of supplies where they could be found along his line of retreat, the whole party might have returned alive, with the story of the most successful arctic expedition that ever spent three winters in the "Land of Desolation." The arrangements for the comfort and security of the men left nothing to be desired, and Lieutenant Greely's management was in the highest degree judicious. There was no sickness in the party. The men were kept in good health and spirits by active employment, and such amusements as were possible under the circumstances. Lieutenant Greely and Dr. Pavy occasionally gave the men lectures on various subjects, and each man was allowed to celebrate his birthday by choosing the dinner, of which all partook. No jealousies or dissensions marred the harmony of the little band. The discipline was of necessity rigid, but kind. A sense of fraternity and common dependence ruled the spirits of all. Even the failure to receive supplies and news from home does not appear to have made the men despondent. It is impossible to read of their quiet heroism, their manly self-control, without admiration for the noble qualities they displayed, and profound sorrow that so few of them have survived to share in the plaudits of the world.

Lieutenant Greely's orders directed him, in case no succor arrived, to abandon the station not later than September 1, 1883. He waited until August of that year, and then determined to make his way southward. On the 9th of that month he left Fort Conger, and reached Baird Inlet on the 29th of September. Here he was compelled to abandon his boats, and was adrift for thirty days on an ice-floe in Smith Sound. The party was at length driven upon Cape Sabine on the 31st of October, 1883. A permanent camp was established there, and named Camp Clay, at the point where the few survivors were found by the *Bear* and *Thetis*. At Littleton, just across the sound, was a cache of supplies, but the violent gales that prevailed all winter prevented the unfortunate men from reaching them. During nine months Lieutenant Greely's party had to live upon a small allowance of food brought from Fort Conger, that cached at Payer Harbor and Cape Isabella by Sir George Nares in 1875, but found much damaged by lapse of time, that cached by Beebe at Cape Sabine in 1882, and a small amount saved from the wreck of the *Proteus* in 1883, and landed by Lieutenants Garlington and Colwell on the beach where Greely's party was found camped. When these provisions were consumed the party was forced to live upon boiled seal-skin strips from their seal-skin clothing, lichens, and shrimps preserved in good weather when they were strong enough to make exertion. As 1300 shrimps were required to fill a gallon measure, the labor was too exhausting to depend upon them to sustain life entirely.

In the Weekly for April 19 we gave illustrations of the third relief expedition, which sailed from this port last spring. It consisted of the *Bear*, the *Thetis*, and the *Alert*, the latter having been presented by the British government to the United States. It was understood that this gift was in return for the action of the United States government in refitting and sending back to the British government the steamer *Resolute*, which had been abandoned in the Arctic regions, and afterward picked up by an American ship. Before being sent across the Atlantic the *Alert* was fitted up with new rigging and spars, and her bow was strengthened with iron plates.

The *Bear* sailed from this port on the 24th of April, the *Thetis* on May 1, and the *Alert* on May 10. Each ship was admirably fitted out, and probably no better equipped expedition ever left for the arctic seas. The ships made a favorable voyage, meeting with many obstacles, but none that seriously impeded their progress. On the 18th of June the *Bear* and the *Thetis*, in company with several whalers, passed into clear water off Cape York, and being now in a region where they might hope to find traces of the Greely party, colors were hoisted to attract attention. On Sunday, the 22d, both ships arrived at Cape Sabine and made fast to the ice, and parties were landed to scour the hills for records. In about an hour a cheer was heard, and soon after a seaman ran down toward the ships shouting, "We have found the Greely party!" He brought records which had been discovered, dated October 31, 1883, containing the news of the retreat, the location of the camp, and other information. The *Bear's* steam-launch was immediately sent to the scene of the encampment.

It was soon reached, and not an hour too soon. The few survivors were dying of starvation and cold. A furious gale was blowing, and had succor been a little delayed, not one would have been found alive. Very tenderly the heroic men were cared for. Food was given them with great caution, and as soon as possible they were taken on board the ships, with the bodies of all the dead that could be recovered. Only seven out of the twenty-five were living. They were Lieutenant Greely, Sergeant Brainerd, Sergeant Fredericks, Sergeant Long, Sergeant Elison, Hospital Steward Biederbeck, and Private Connell.

After securing all the records and instruments belonging to the party, the ships steamed toward Disco. The *Alert* was met on the way, struggling bravely through the ice, in company with the transport *Loch Garry*, and on the 5th of July the ships anchored at Disco. Sergeant Elison died soon after undergoing the amputation of his hands and feet, which had been badly frozen during an expedition in search of food. The remains of Frederik Christiansen were interred in the grave-yard at Godhavn; the other dead were placed in alcohol to be brought home. On the morning of July 9 the expedition sailed for St. John's, where the *Bear*, the *Thetis*, and the *Loch Garry* arrived on the 17th, the *Alert* having been separated from them in a heavy gale.

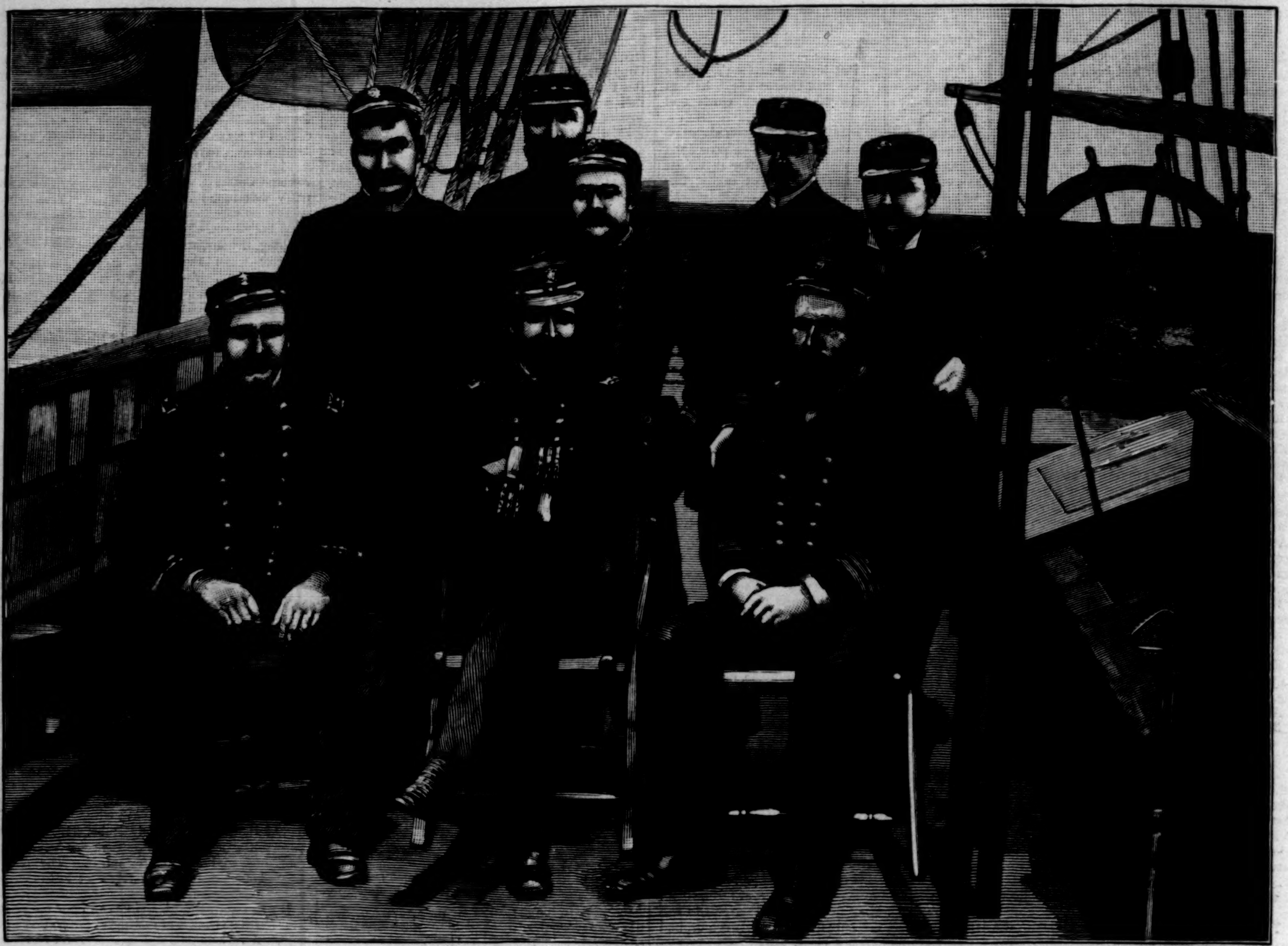
The relief expedition was well planned and ably conducted, and its officers and men deserve the highest praise for the zeal and bravery with which the search was prosecuted. On page 484 we give the portraits of the officers of the *Bear* and the *Thetis*, whose good fortune it was to rescue the survivors; and on page 485 the portraits of Lieutenant Greely and several of the members of his party. It was a heroic band, and the story of their achievements and their sufferings will form one of the most striking chapters in the annals of arctic exploration.

THE SONG-MAKERS.

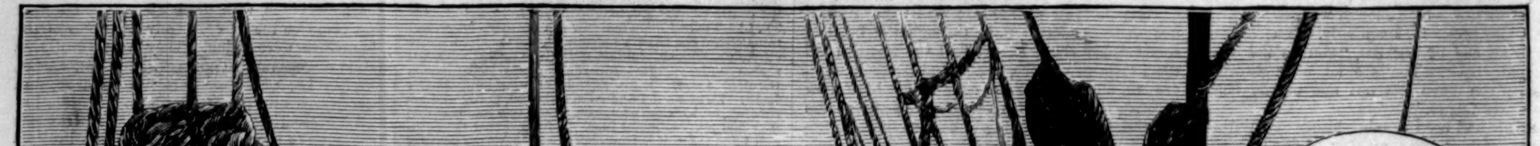
"Singer, how do you make your songs?"
 I find them ready-made for me.
I find them in the busy streets,
 And in the woods, and by the sea.
I hear them too in Labor's halls—
 The great wheel hums a song for me;
The engines throb in perfect time,
 As to a noble symphony.

For all, the starry sky is bright;
 For all, the earth is green below;
For all, June has her sun and rose;
 For all, is winter's fire and snow.
My songs are in the country lane,
 And in the thousand-streeted town;
For Nature sings them everywhere,
 And I?—I only write them down.

Go find your songs; keep eye and ear
 Attent to all that Nature sings;
For know that Love is melody,
 That Labor gives the spirit wings.
And there are sweeter, grander songs
 Than any form of rhythmic words;
Some work them bravely out like men,
 And others sing them like the birds.



Chief Engineer G. W. Melville. Ice Pilot J. W. Norveau. Lieut. S. C. Semly. Surgeon E. H. Green. Ensign C. H. Harlow.
Lieutenant Emory H. Taunt. Commander W. S. Schley. Lieutenant Urell Sabree.
OFFICERS OF THE "THETIS."

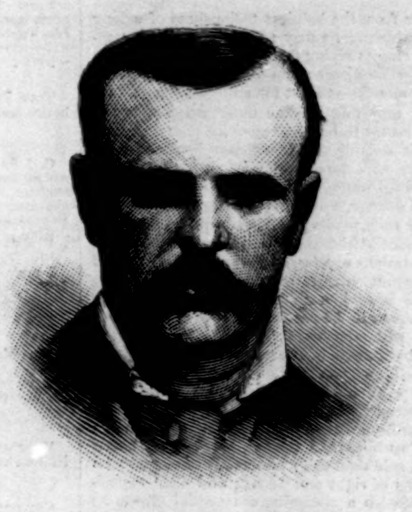


Surgeon Ames. Lieutenant N. R. Usher. Lieutenant J. R. Colwelle, Navigator. Captain Ash, Ice Pilot. Lieut. F. H. Crosby, Executive Officer. Ensign L. K. Reynolds. Chief Engineer John Lowe. Lieutenant W. H. Emory, Commander.
OFFICERS OF THE "BEAR."

THE GREELY RELIEF EXPEDITION—OFFICERS OF THE "THETIS" AND THE "BEAR."—Photographed by C. R. Hatton.—[See Page 483.]

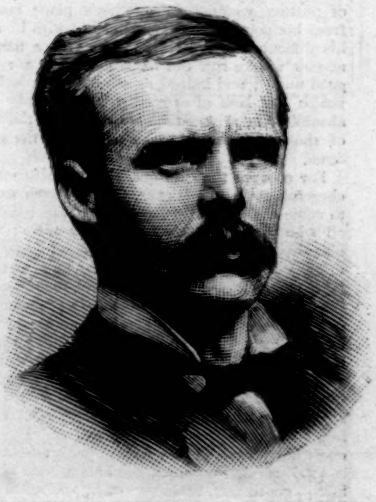
SERGEANT EDWARD ISRAEL.
Died May 27, 1884.

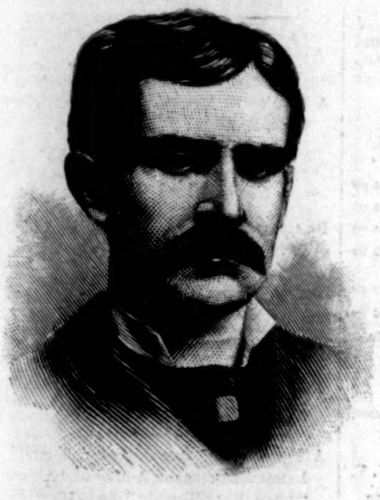
PRIVATE MAURICE CONNELL.

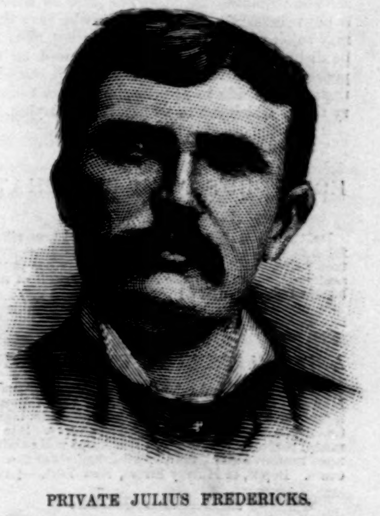

SERGEANT DAVID LINN.
Died April 6, 1884.

LIEUTENANT JAMES B. LOCKWOOD.
Died April 9, 1884.

LIEUTENANT A. W. GREELY.

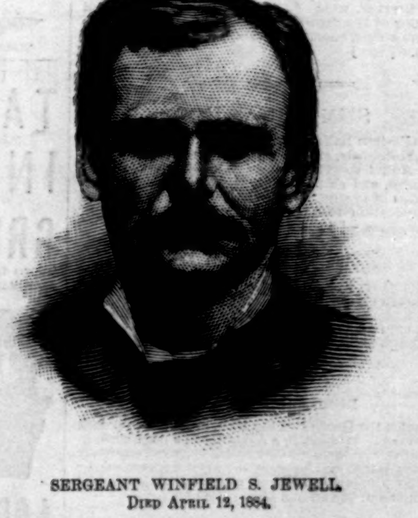

LIEUTENANT FREDERICK K. KISLINGBURY.
Died June 1, 1884.


SERGEANT DAVID L. BRAINERD.


PRIVATE JULIUS FREDERICKS.

SERGEANT HAMPDEN S. GARDINER.
Died June 12, 1884.

SERGEANT GEORGE W. RICE.
Died April 9, 1884.


SERGEANT WINFIELD S. JEWELL.
Died April 12, 1884.

LIEUTENANT GREELY AND SOME OF HIS COMPANIONS.—Photographed by Rice.—[See Page 483.]

HOME NURSING.

Apart from the helpless tediousness of a long illness, which alone may affect the patient's temper and cause varying degrees of irritability, there is, with some diseases, an accompanying fretfulness or moodiness most difficult to manage. So marked may this become that occasionally the patient seems to have changed his character, and the most amiable and unselfish in health may become the most impatient and exacting in illness. The trained nurse, accustomed to watch the effects of disease, will understand and make allowance for such perversion; but in private nursing the patient's friends often suffer acutely from manifestations of ill temper, for which they could only account on moral grounds.

There is such a thing as spoiling a patient, even though he be past the age we generally associate with the word "spoil." Illness often brings back some of the wayward peevishness of childhood, and you get such things to contend with as positive refusal to take food or medicine, or to comply with some order of the doctor's. As regards the question of how far to give in to a patient's whims and fancies, there is no better general rule than this: oppose his wishes only on questions of right and wrong; and when opposition becomes a necessity, use special efforts so to keep your self-control as to avoid all expression of anger or impatience.

How far you succeed in steering your patient through such troubled waters will depend greatly upon what measure you possess of that invaluable gift, *sympathy*; in other words, the power of putting yourself in another's place, seeing from his point of view, and feeling with him in his difficulties. A hard, cold, or even a merely narrow nature can not be trained into a really good nurse; and indeed, as a broad rule, lack of health and lack of sympathy are the only two absolutely insurmountable obstacles in the way of those who desire to be helpful in the sick-room.

For observe that the qualities of self-control, cheerfulness, and patience, though much easier to some than to others, are within the reach of all who earnestly strive to possess them; and, moreover, each and all are capable of being developed and cultivated to an almost unlimited extent. Sympathy, on the other hand, though capable of development by its fortunate possessor, is one of those natural gifts which no amount of training can impart, and which is no more within the reach of all than is that good health without which attempts at nursing can not but end in failure. Given these two special gifts of health and sympathy, and you have the "born nurse," needing, indeed, much patient care and training, but one who may confidently count upon success.

Various other qualities and habits, such as humility, gentleness, firmness, order, and accuracy, are useful in nursing. There are also various gifts, as good hearing and sight, cleverness of fingers, and natural quickness of apprehension and of movement, which, though very desirable, are not absolutely indispensable, and on these it is not necessary to dwell. Those who have them may rejoice; and those who have not need not be disheartened, as they can very well be dispensed with, provided there is thorough, conscientious effort made to acquire those more necessary things which are to be had for the trying.

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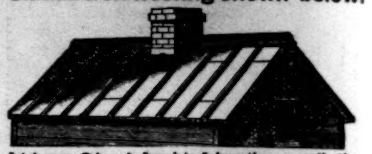

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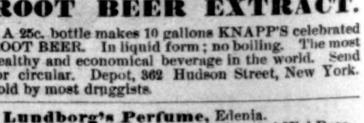

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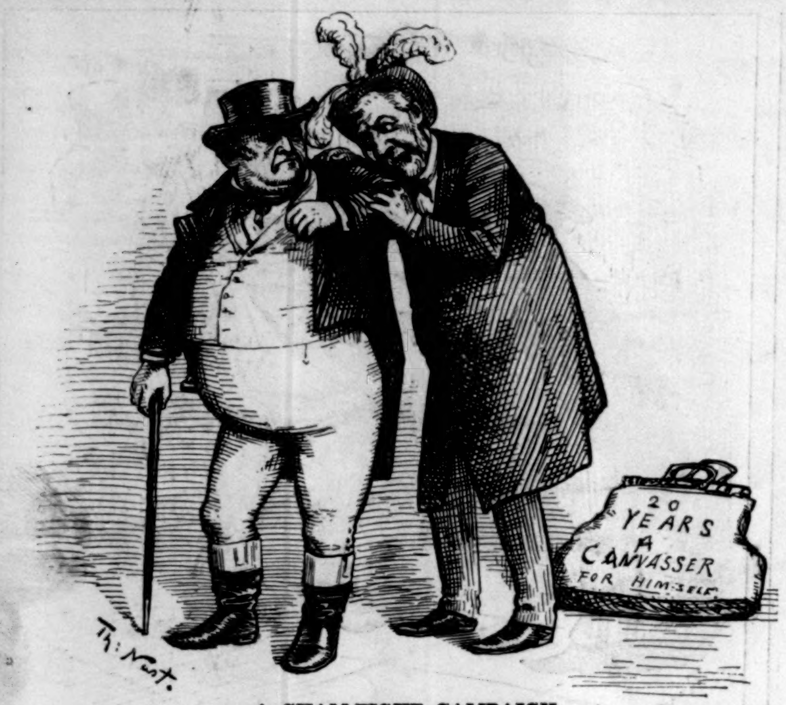

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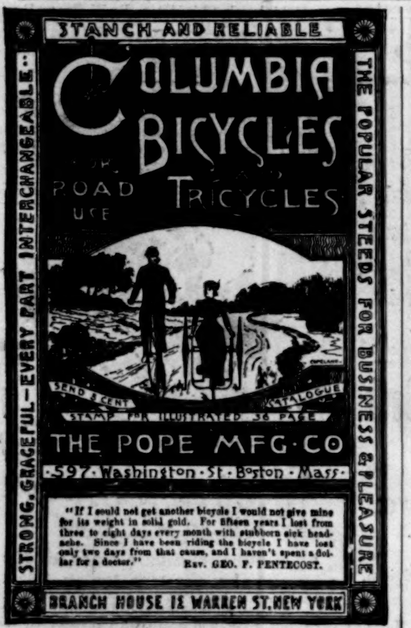

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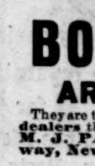

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As a **Bright, Clear Complexion and a Soft Skin.** With these the plainest features become attractive. Without them the handsomest are but coldly impressive. *Many a complexion is marred by impure Alkaline and Colored Toilet Soap.*

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SOUND POLITICAL ARGUMENTS.

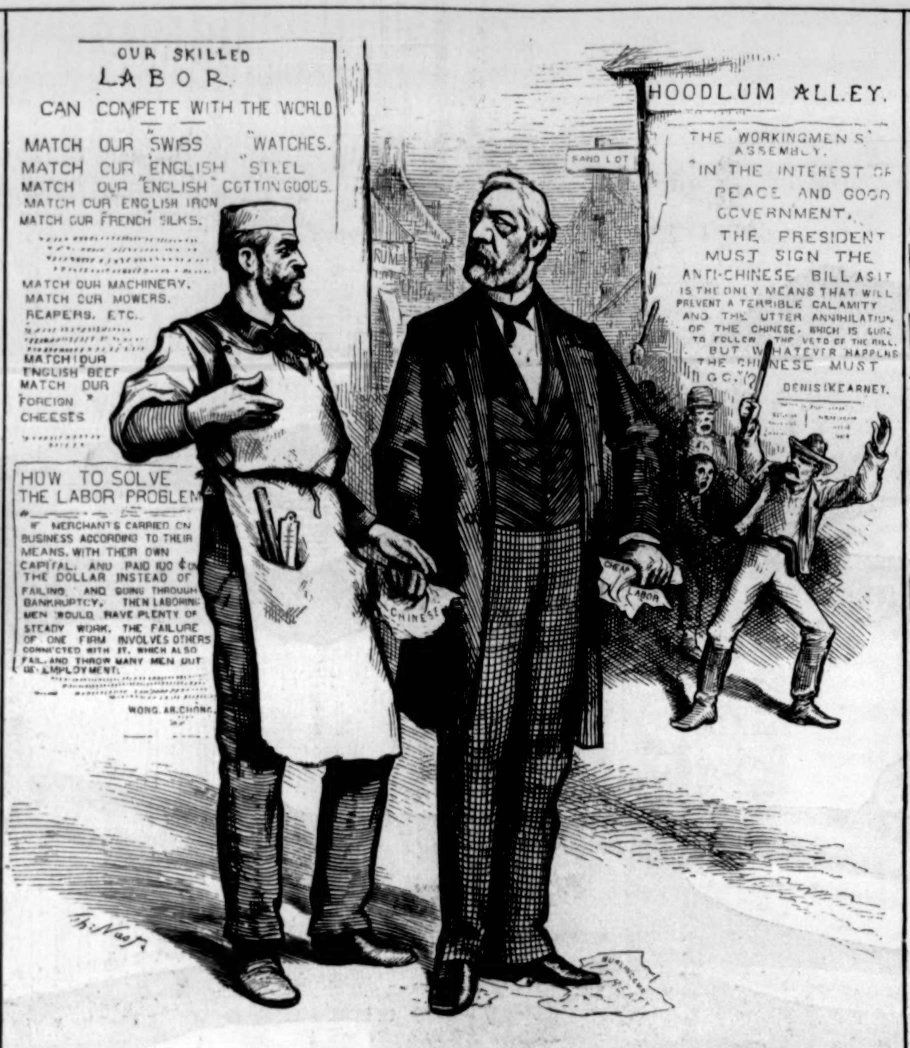
WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS (*the Jersey Lily*). "I say, my dear boy, is there anything more to be done, after that letter of mine, in BLAINE'S defense?"

WHITELAW REID (*the New York Daisy*). "Oh yes, my dear Bangtry; we must call those who do not PROTECT Mr. BLAINE'S record, *Free-traders*, and *Britishers*, and DUDES, and all that sort of thing, you know."

THE CIVILIZATION OF BLAINE.

JOHN CONFUCIUS. "Am I not a Man and a Brother?"

From HARPER'S WEEKLY, **March 8, 1879.**



"PROTECTING WHITE LABOR."

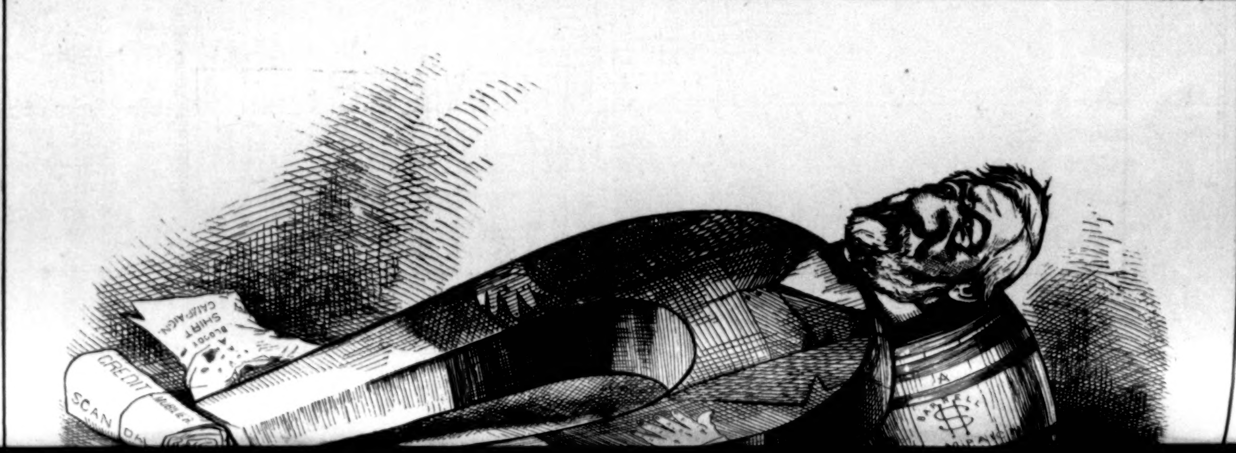
INTELLIGENT WORKMAN. "You need not plead my cause and my children's. I am able, and always have been, to take care of myself and mine; and no large military force is necessary to keep the peace, for real working-men are not rioters, strikers, and blowers."

From HARPER'S WEEKLY, **March 22, 1879.**

"THE PLUMED KNIGHT."

MR. BLAINE, please "keep your shirt on"—(it's the only thing you have).

From HARPER'S WEEKLY, **June 5, 1880.**



THE SMITHS GIVE A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE.

POWHATAN BLAINE. "Just let me give him one whack to show how *strong* I am." POCAHONTAS CHAMBERLAIN. "No, don't, Jim; you'll make a mess of it."

From HARPER'S WEEKLY, **February 7, 1880.**

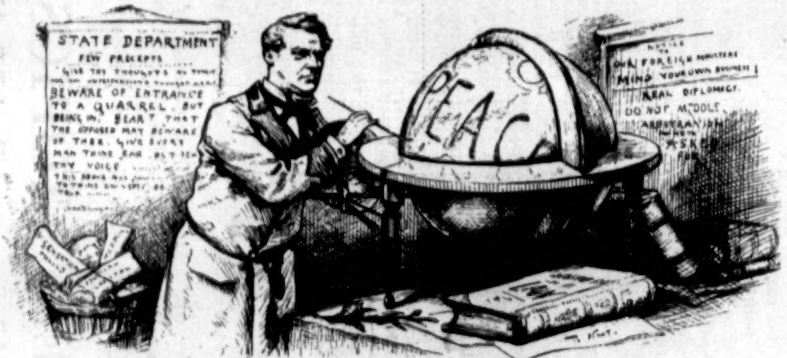
THE "*MAGNETIC*" BLAINE; OR, A VERY HEAVY **"LOAD"**-STONE FOR THE REPUBLICAN PARTY TO CARRY.

From HARPER'S WEEKLY, **May 8, 1880.**

POLITICAL CAPITAL AND COMPOUND INTEREST.

NON-VOTER. "Now Melican Man know muchee how it is himself."

From HARPER'S WEEKLY, **January 31, 1880.**



"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN."—SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT IS OUR FOREIGN POLICY?—(FRELINGHUYSEN —— BLAINE.)

From HARPER'S WEEKLY, **March 18, 1882.**

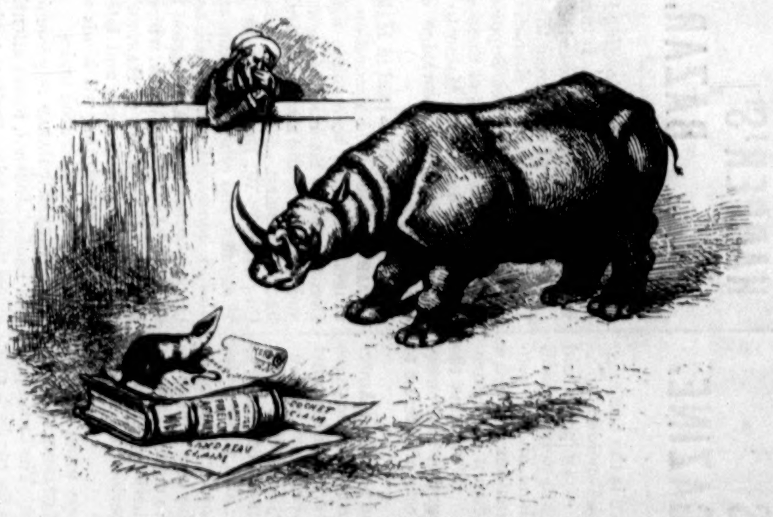
BLAINE'S TEASE(D).

From HARPER'S WEEKLY, **March 20, 1880.**

BOOM! BOOM!! BOOM!!!

And all the Chinamen are for BLAINE.

From HARPER'S WEEKLY, **May 1, 1880.**



TRYING TO BULLY AND BROWBEAT EACH OTHER.

MR. BLAINE (*to* MR. BADGER BELMONT). "I hope you will treat me as a gentleman. I am not in a police court to be BADGERED."

From HARPER'S WEEKLY, **May 13, 1882.**

SELECTIONS FROM BLAINE CARTOONS PUBLISHED IN *HARPER'S WEEKLY* FROM **MARCH 8, 1879,** TO **MAY 13, 1882.**